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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

THE general aspect of the war is at once simpler and more confused than it has been for some time. Verdun still rivets the attention on the Western Front, but in a new way. For the first fortnight of the attack, which has now persisted for over a month, observers wondered whether the French could bear up against the fury of the assault. Now they tend to ask whether the Germans can persist against the precision of the French defence artillery. This fundamental change is a tacit conviction that the Germans have suffered a defeat. Yet they have widened the area of their attack, though their main objective is still Dead Man Hill and the Goose Crest, which are the first line of defence west of the Meuse. This represents a wide enveloping movement at the western side of the French salient. During the week they have secured the Wood of Avocourt, through which they struck, unsuccessfully, at Hill 304, a peak dominating Dead Man Hill, as this does Hill 265. But so far the success is insignificant, and it is far less arresting than numerous movements on the Eastern Front. North and south, the Russian Armies have made determined thrusts, and the southern success opens up a chance of striking at Czernowitz from the north-west. The Russian positions between the Black Sea and the Persian Gulf have been considerably improved, and both tactically and strategically the week shows a substantial balance in favor of the Allies.

TOWARDS the end of last week the Germans made yet another attack upon the village and fort of Vaux, but after five heavy assaults had been brought to a standstill

by the French artillery and machine-gun fire, they abandoned the attempt. It was resumed on Saturday afternoon, but with no better success. For the rest of the week, the Germans contented themselves with an intense bombardment of this sector of the Verdun defences. The attempt to secure possession of Dead Man Hill, and with it the Goose Ridge, of which it is the culminating point, was resumed on Monday, though from a new quarter, some ten miles to the north-west of Verdun. The French airmen had been active on Saturday and Sunday, and hence the new attack was not the surprise it was meant to be. The French line west of the Meuse made a curve southwards to the west of Malancourt, which lies a few miles westward of Béthincourt. The base of the curve was the point selected for attack. A division was brought from a distant point on the front, and a violent attack was made, accompanied by the use of flaming liquid.

THE objective was the hill known as Hill 304, which, situated to the west and slightly to the south of Dead Man Hill, offers the position for outflanking that peak. In spite of the violence of the attack and the liquid fire, the Germans gained but a slight success, for which they paid very heavily. The south-eastern part of the Malancourt Wood is known as the Wood of Avocourt, and it was the eastern edge of the latter to which the enemy penetrated. But there he was held, and prevented from debouching upon the positions which are alone significant. The fighting continued during the greater part of Monday night. It was resumed on Wednesday, when a knoll about 1,200 yards south-west of Malancourt was seized. That is the extent of the German success up to the present. The whole position at Verdun remains fundamentally the same, and even if Hill 304 could be taken, and later Dead Man Hill, the Charny Ridge still lies beyond, as the main line of defence. There has been some activity at other points of the western front, and at Loos the Germans were able to retake three craters which had been seized by us three weeks ago. The British have now apparently assumed control of the whole sector of the line between Ypres and Albert.

SOME extraordinary reports have been issued with regard to the activity upon the Russian front. On Sunday Germany reported that, after engagements south of Dvinsk and north of Vilna, 9,270 Russian dead were counted upon one small sector. The recent German *communiqués* do not encourage us to believe this to be anything but a huge exaggeration; but it is clear that the Russians have been making energetic attempts to forestall a possible German offensive and to profit by the withdrawal of troops for service in the west. North and south of Lake Narotch, the Germans now admit that the Russians captured German positions. Three lines of barbed wire were stormed, and three lines of trenches were taken, with a number of machine guns and prisoners. It seems certain that there is a German concentration proceeding at Vilna, and it is, no doubt, to deal with this that the northern Russian Armies have been set moving. In Galicia, Ivanoff has at length

thrown the Austrians out of Uscieczko by capturing the bridgehead of Mikhaltche. The importance of securing the crossings of the Dniester is that they give access to Czernowitz from the north-west, and presumably this action means the resumption of operations in Bukovina.

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In Asia Minor and farther East the Russians are proceeding methodically, and the steadiness of the advance tends to obscure the dramatic interest. But its limits—the Black Sea near Trebizond and Ispahan in south central Persia—give some indication of the nature of the operations. Ispahan was entered on Sunday. It had been a centre of intrigue against the Allies, but the Russians met with no opposition, and were, indeed, welcomed. At the other end of their line the Russians are approaching Trebizond and Erzingham. At the end of last week they occupied Mamahatan after an engagement, and this success has apparently led to the evacuation of Erzingham, which lies some miles farther west, on the main road to Constantinople. The other Russian columns seem to be advancing normally. At any rate, the vivid Turkish imagination has so far been unable to suggest any mishap, and we must therefore infer that the troops are approaching Mosul and Baghdad. According to a report from Petrograd, one column is operating south of Baghdad, and aims at the relief of Kut.

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It is the fortunes of the force beleaguered at Kut which have provided the sensations of the week. The initiation and nursing of these operations seem to have been gravely defective. From the report of a correspondent, it seems certain that the relieving force is now back in its old position, twenty-three miles below Kut; but this is left to inference, and the official reports are plainly misleading. But this complaint pales to insignificance when compared with the grave admissions of Mr. Chamberlain on Wednesday. The whole campaign was misconceived and mismanaged; and if we must be grateful that the Imperial General Staff is at length in supreme control of the operations, this cannot persuade us to overlook the serious fact that the campaign was initiated and controlled by the Indian Government, which had no adequate margin of men in case of the enemy being in greater force than the first estimates. Troops were drafted away from India when they were so soon to be critically needed so much nearer home. The idea of the campaign deserves all praise; but who was responsible for limiting it to so small a force as a division for an advance against probably two complete army corps? And to have made it impossible to reinforce the gallant little army removes the whole thing from the category of military operations to that of gambling.

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BUT the worst feature of all was the breakdown in hospital arrangements. The reasons cannot be admitted to be excuses. A campaign is conceived as such forces, so armed, moving upon such communications. And the fact that the Tigris did not afford the facilities required should have led to the contrivance of other means. It is cold comfort to hear that an inquiry is being held. The breakdown should never have occurred. The whole of this debate reads like a history of another Gallipoli operation, except that we have, so far, not been able to withdraw. This is the more regrettable as the purely military operations were carried out with a touch of imagination and executive skill too rarely exhibited. We trust that no stone has been left unturned for the relief of the little force at Kut.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE made a sensible speech on Thursday in answer to the impudent proposal to prevent Mr. Runciman from representing this country at the Economic Conference at Paris, or to "stiffen" him with Mr. Hughes, and to set up at that Conference an after-war scheme of "no trade with Germany." Mr. George struck the vice of the proposal when he suggested that it really implied we were going to lose the war rather than win it, that you could set up intimate trade relations with the Allies without tariffs, that if we made this a war for trade instead of a war for the "liberty and honor and self-respect of civilization," we were simply "bringing the Exchange into the Temple," and that we ought not to mix business with revenge. He properly added that we must develop the industries necessary to self-defence, and hinted that there might be Colonial objections to Mr. Hughes's presence at the Conference.

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DR. HELFFERICH delivered one of his peculiarly bumptious financial statements to the Reichstag this week. He has no longer anything specific to say about indemnities, and talks vaguely of his "hopes of a financially favorable peace." He anticipates, of course, the usual success for the forthcoming (fourth) War Loan, but so far Germany has raised only twenty-five millions sterling by new taxation (on war profits), and this goes very little way towards meeting the interest on the new debt. He taunted us with financing the war with short term "continuous" loans, instead of the big permanent loans to which Germany has resorted. But good economists incline to the view that it is rather easier to tap real savings in these "continuous loans," than in the big spectacular loans which in all countries are largely "water." He also boasted that bread, potatoes, and sugar are cheaper in Germany than in any other belligerent country, but he omitted to mention that at regulated prices they can only be had in reduced quantities. His calculation as to the relative cost of the war was interesting. Germany's expenses are, he thinks, 50 per cent. less than ours, and about the same as those of France. The daily expenditure of the whole Entente he put at twelve millions sterling, and that of the Central Powers at five and a half, while the total expenditure so far stood at 5,000 millions for the Entente, and 2,500 millions for the Central Powers.

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MR. HUGHES made another of his rhetorical but unsubstantial speeches on trade after the war at the City Carlton Club. He is what Americans call a "spell-binder," but the thought behind his oratory is conjectural, and the argument so thin as to be invisible. He told us to cut out "the cancer of German influence" from our trade, and was good enough to state that anyone who stuck to Free Trade now must be interested in German trade. He poured out appeals to us to organize ourselves, to act at once, to beware of the danger of delay. When he came down to particulars, he referred to the German monopoly in aniline dyes and tungsten powder, and to her production of cheaper sugar than most of the rest of the world. On this he built up a surprising peroration in which he adjured us to close the markets of the British Empire, France, and Russia "permanently" against all German trade. The steps of the argument, from dyes and tungsten powder up to this tremendous conclusion, escape us. Mr. Hughes appears to think that if we announce this to-day, German resistance will collapse, and "the spectre of revolution rear its head." We can, for our part, conceive no announcement so certain to prolong the war, or to goad

the enemy into the utmost resistance. Mr. Hughes looks forward, it seems, after the shambles, "to the sweet green pasture of peace unhaunted by the dreadful spectre of war." Does he really think that a Europe divided by a rigid boycott would be either sweet or green or peaceful?

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THE Market Harborough election has given the Coalition the verdict which Mr. Billing's success at East Herts denied it. Mr. Percy Harris, an able candidate of the Liberal complexion which the constituency has always worn, was elected by a majority of 4,115 over Mr. Gibson Bowles. Mr. Bowles is, we suspect, too much of an intellectual for everyday tastes, and his defeat is, in any case, a distinct blow for conscription all round. This was his platform and that of the "Daily Mail," which ran him.

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LORD HARDINGE has brought his Viceroyalty to an end by an act which marks a great and memorable advance in the official conception of an Indian's personal status. On behalf of the Government he this week accepted in his Council a motion, introduced by Pundit Malaviya, calling for the abolition of indentured labor. In theory this system could be readily distinguished from slavery, but if it was technically free labor, it was not a satisfactory form of freedom. It led to all manner of evil social consequences, for the women rarely emigrated with the men; that it produced abject misery was shown by the frequency of suicides in Jamaica, Trinidad, and Guiana, and, finally, the financial gain to the coolie was very doubtful. The system has existed since 1842, and has been regulated since 1883, but it had been diminishing, for the Indian Government exacted a fairly high standard of decent treatment for the coolies. First the French colonies and then Natal were struck off the list. The exodus had latterly numbered 10,000 a year. The abolition (subject to some delay, of course, for the transition period) of this system means that Indians are more and more regarded as full British citizens, whose rights and status must not be whittled away by dubious contracts and partial surrenders of liberty such as no white worker would ever endure. This act will be the best monument of Lord Hardinge's memorable and fruitful term.

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MR. BILLING's indictment of the air service cannot be brushed aside with the gaiety of those who heard it. There still seems to be a complete lack of control of the air defences, and it is more by good luck than by discretion that we brought down one of the Ramsgate raiders. The air raid by sixty-five Allied machines upon the seaplane station at Zeebrugge and the aerodrome at Houtade was a well-devised and well-carried-out offensive, which we hope may be followed up; but how many scouting planes does the Navy possess? Mr. Billing's characterization of the Air Committee was a little unfortunate; but it is deplorable that, for dealing with a problem which depends wholly upon physics and engineering, no man of science was included in the *personnel*. All the members, except the Chairman, are associated with aerial navigation; but not one is qualified to deal with fundamental problems with absolutely expert knowledge.

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ON Thursday Mr. Charles Trevelyan raised the question of the administration of the Defence of the Realm Act, and suggested that it was much harsher than the necessities of war called for. His chief cases were the censorship of the press, the seizure of I.L.P. pamphlets, the secret trials, the suppression of cartoons

and pictorial jokes. In regard to the abrogation of Habeas Corpus, he told the much-bruited story of the nurse, the daughter of an English squire, who was imprisoned for having talked in a neutral country with a suspect. The Attorney-General did not deny this, but he declared the suspect to be a German spy, and generally a dangerous and noxious person, and that the lady had been found with revolutionary literature upon her. But the point is not whether she has merely compromised herself foolishly or been guilty of anti-patriotic action, but whether she should be shut up without a trial, with no power to bring about such a trial, and without a legal charge of misconduct. If she is as bad as Sir F. E. Smith thinks, a trial would solve all the difficulties.

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MR. SNOWDEN severely criticized the work of the Military Service Tribunals in the House on Thursday. Some of his examples of the way in which "unfits" were being dragged into the Army were a pitiable enough exposure of such administration. According to the "Daily Chronicle," they included

"1.—Youth of twenty-two, subject to fits (had fifteen fits in one day).

"2.—Man with one hand.

"3.—Man with paralyzed leg.

"4.—Man suffering from effects of abdominal operation.

"5.—An imbecile ('Nobody but a born idiot would think of making a soldier of a man like this,' was an independent local comment)."

As for the case of the only sons of widows, we cannot imagine why Mr. Long refused to reprint Mr. Asquith's pledge and circularize the tribunals with it. It is being violated right and left; and yet the sympathy of the entire community must be with such an appeal for exemption. In regard to the conscientious objectors, Mr. Long promised that none of them should be shot. But there was no definite promise of relief from what obviously tends, in the light of Mr. Harvey's recital, to religious persecution. Does the Government design such a policy? We cannot think so. And yet Mr. Lloyd George seemed to argue that there should be no protection for people who refused all kinds of war-service, even in the ambulances. Such persons, he suggested, must be cowards. Why? They might fairly be called fanatics. But as they would doubtless have included Tolstoy had he been alive, Mr. George might have selected a happier epithet.

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THE rapid spread of rebellion in China against Yuan-Shih-Kai's determination to make himself an Emperor has taught that highly opportunistic intelligence a belated prudence. The American Associated Press publishes the statement from Peking that the Government there has issued a "mandate" in which it announces the abolition of the monarchy and the return to the republican form. It is, after all, a matter of words, for Yuan, we suppose, remains dictator. It remains to be seen whether this will conciliate the south, which objects to Yuan's autocracy under any name, and is much more concerned with local autonomy and decentralisation than with abstract republicanism. The latest news is that the four southern provinces of Yunnan, Szechuan, Kweichow, and Kwaŋsi have all declared their independence, and that Canton and Kwangtung are expected to join them. The military success of Yuan's troops in Szechuan is a small matter against a movement which spreads so fast, and already covers most of the south. It is hard to say which side is the more culpable for this domestic quarrelling at a moment when the only question which matters for China is whether she can escape a formal Japanese protectorate.



## Politics and Affairs.

### BEAR-PIT OR AREOPAGUS?

THERE is a question which we should like to put to those who wish to see the war end in a permanent division of Europe between the Alliance and the Entente. It is this—How and why did the war begin? It began, as the students of the diplomatic books are aware, because Germany, as the representative of the Alliance, desired one solution of the Austro-Serbian difficulty, and England, with Italy and the members of the Entente, desired and proposed another. What, again, were these competing solutions? The first was Sir Edward Grey's proposal to regard Europe, at least so far as its Greater Powers were concerned, as the guardian of its own interests, and to equip it with the means of safeguarding them. The second was Germany's unbending resolve to isolate the Serbian question—i.e., to give Austria the sole effective power of determining it. The Grey policy was outlined with proper elasticity as to its terms and content. The first form of the proposal was for a Conference of the four Powers—Italy, France, Germany, and Great Britain—who should act as advocates of the more directly interested members of the respective groups, which were Russia and Austria. This Germany vetoed, on the ground that such a Conference would have the "appearance of an Areopagus, consisting of two Powers of each group, sitting in judgment upon the two remaining Powers." In other words, Germany stood for the unqualified right of private judgment in international disputes.

Thus rebuffed, Sir Edward Grey opened his proposal to any modification that Germany might propose. Let her "put into operation" "the whole idea of mediation or mediating influence" necessary for this object. The Foreign Secretary was willing to go outside the limits of the Entente. If the crisis were passed, his endeavor would be to "promote some arrangement to which Germany could be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia, and ourselves, jointly or separately." There would thus arise a new and more definite *rapprochement* between the Powers. But Germany would have none of it. She adhered to her policy of a free hand for Austria, and her adherence, after Russia's measure of partial mobilization against Austria, was proof, not merely of her complete moral recklessness, but of her fixed anti-Europeanism. She believed in her army, and she believed in nothing else. What do her statesmen think of her refusal now? Germany has her victories, but, if the statesmanship of the Entente endures as well as its armies, this generation of men, and that which follows it, will see no more German predominance. Had she settled in 1914, and given a European turn to her external policy and a democratic turn to her home government, she must have been the determining influence in the future government of the Western World.

Now, again, in some period of 1916 or 1917, she will have the offer of the Sibylline books. It is, to

our mind, inconceivable that this war can be terminated by any other means than a European Conference, and it is hardly more conceivable that, if we win, as we shall win, Germany will be without an invitation to a place in it. If she accepts, then the history of Europe begins again at the point at which Sir Edward Grey's proposal left it. "The idea of public right" will have gained (at what a cost!) its first victory over might, and the British conception of a World in Council replaces the German conception of the Super-Nation in Arms. That would be our first instalment of victory, for Germany, becoming a figure at a council board, with her vote and interest, and the votes and interests of her Allies, would be at last obliged to put her policy into the common stock, and to dismiss all idea of a dictatorship. Such a rôle will be physically beyond her powers and at variance with the one law which we hope the Entente will impose on Europe after the war, the right of each people to dispose of its destinies, so far as they do not conflict with the rights of others. If we sincerely believe the word of our Ministers, of all the Ministers of all the Powers of the Entente, that the object of the war was to set up this reign of law, and to provide it with suitable instruments, we can only take Germany back to July, 1914, and call on her to come in to it.

But Germany may refuse, and in that case the League of Peace will be formed without her and against her; for then, at least twice in her recent history, she will have presented the face of a public enemy. What we would suggest is that we cannot in honor play this part of re-antagonizing Europe, and that if we elect for it, we practically call on Sir Edward Grey to resign the direction of our foreign policy. Look at the prospect. Germany would strain every nerve to undo the boycott, as Louis Napoleon strove to undo the anti-French policy of the Congress of Vienna. Europe might, we suppose, go on for some years in a kind of a peace, under the two-Camp system which plagued its politics before the war. But it will not only be a terribly embittered, nervous, distracted, hag-ridden Europe. It will be a starved, and in the end a revolutionary one. No modern society can stand such a strain as must be imposed upon it by the armed peace, followed by the war of nations, followed in its turn by the economic war. Only an apocalyptic vision could see such a society in its hues of death and eclipse. Armaments would, of course, continue; with continual intrigues to undermine alliances, subsidize armies, stir up local wars and seditions. Under such a misrule in the older world of civilized settlement, America would be the only Power left standing, with her full capacities and resources available for the capture of world-commerce and world-credit; for you could not divide the energies of the Great Powers between war preparations and the pursuit of industry and industrial science. But the point is—Why should we of the Entente annul the Grey policy and adopt its Prussian rival? The plan of a Conference—that is to say, of a rational Europe—united the Entente, took from the Alliance a third of its strength, and almost won over Austria. Why, then, abandon it to-day, when Europe is strewn with the wrecks of the senseless individualism with which we are at war?



## OUR BRIGHTENING HOPES OF VICTORY.

THE struggle for Verdun is eddying farther and farther from the centre in which it began, though it is still possible that the original point of attack may have to stand the impetus of new forces. But the grand central interest is dying away. During the first few days of the battle almost anything might have happened; but, as the struggle dragged on, the area of possibility became more and more restricted. Now it may be said to be almost certain that Verdun can be held, and that if the Germans, by an unprecedented sacrifice of life, paid the reserve price, they would merely gain an empty shell without stores or guns, or any prize of war which would give it a military significance.

Yet though from the Baltic to the Persian Gulf movements are afoot that may soon turn this terrible and wonderful struggle into an episode, and though the forces engaged would dwarf it to the order of the first battle of Ypres, it is probable that its enduring significance will rank it with the Battle of the Marne. It was meant to pay Germany an immediate moral dividend. Its military results ranged from the envelopment of a considerable part of the Army in the salient, with the river at its base, to a fracture of the French line which, with a subsequent smashing blow about Soissons, might spell a decision. What has been the result of the struggle? The French have suffered a number of casualties. After writing these off against an equal number on the German side, we conclude that Germany has paid at least three army corps, or some 120,000 men, for a small plot of broken ground. And this does not represent the whole of the case. These casualties were suffered by some twenty-five divisions, which will have little offensive value for some time to come. Spectators could see these shambling grey-green masses broken by the French guns, and withdrawn to reform. Yet it might be thought that at least France paid in the depletion of her reserve of ammunition. That, we have reason to know, is far from being the case. Moreover, the general reserve was never engaged. No counter-offensive was attempted, and the French stand more firmly entrenched than ever. They took numbers of prisoners of the German 1916 class, and it is even stated that some of the 1917 class were captured. Neither class on the French side has yet seen service. And added to this encouraging fact is the emergence of an exceptionally competent officer, whose conduct of the defence has confirmed the impression which the Staff formed of him upon his behavior at Charleroi, Souchez, and Champagne. These form an almost theoretically perfect epitome of military experience, and General Pétain deserves the confidence and praise he has won.

But there is a perceptible quickening in quarters far distant from Verdun, and it is clear that the Allied offensive cannot be long delayed. The Russians have just secured two significant local successes. They have cut off a German salient between Dwinsk and Vilna, and have gained complete control of the bridgehead of Uscieczko. Each of these has an importance which is not immediately obvious. The Dniester bridgehead threatens an encircling attack upon Czernowitz, and a movement of this sort in Bukovina must have a lesson for

Rumania. The northern success is very probably an indication of a correct reading of German plans. Of one thing we may be fairly certain. Germany will not content herself with a mere defensive rôle until she is compelled by the marked and critical shrinkage of her forces. But if she is to adopt the offensive, upon which point will she direct her attack? The Western front may provide local offensives; but, after the experiences of Verdun, it is hardly probable there will be another great offensive. When the Allies can fight so efficiently in a cramped salient with a river cutting their forces into two parts, it is hardly likely that they will be seriously disturbed in more formidable positions. Impelled by such considerations, it is probable that Germany will look to Russia. A blow towards Petrograd and the possible capture of that city must offer attractions to the romantic spirit of the German Staff. But the completion of the unfinished task of last September may prove more difficult now than it did then. Riga will be a hard nut to crack unless it can be struck from the sea as well as by land; but with the British submarines again free to act, sea action may prove more costly than before. And if the Russians can strike through Vilna, an advance to the north will suffer distinct disadvantages. A remunitioned army, amply supplied and energetically led, can hold against the phalanx bombardment while the flank blow is matured to the south.

If such a blow is to be directed against Russia it must not delay much longer. And, meanwhile, the Russian arms are purchasing two new armies for the Allies. The armies in Anatolia are nearing Trebizond; they are approaching Erzingan and Sivas, which lie on the direct road to Scutari and Constantinople. They are through the gate of Bitlis and looking towards Mosul. They have topped the rim of the Persia plateau, and are marching towards Baghdad. They have occupied Ispahan, and hold Central Persia. These are the elements of a number of dramatic situations. The general effect of them all is to close in upon Baghdad and Mesopotamia at the same time that they isolate them. Surely if Russian statesmanship were as sure as her strategy Turkey might be written off the list of our enemies, and such an achievement would at once set free the large army of Egypt, and would almost certainly drive Rumania to our side, even if it did not also induce Bulgaria to discover the bankruptcy of the concern with which she has placed her investments. There has been much poor statesmanship on the part of the Allies. But we ought to look now for a little practical intuition, which would almost certainly bring victory within sight.

Salonika stands between these far removed spheres. It is difficult to see what purpose the forces there serve, except to spend Bulgaria's money. With Austria installed in northern Albania, any advance from Salonika is threatened with a flank attack such as we threaten against Germany's communications with Turkey. If Italy could deal with the threat from northern Albania, there might still be some hope of an offensive from Salonika. Certainly every small front upon which the Allies advance, provided they advance together, adds to the general crippling of the enemy.

Will he wait to be thus crippled? We think not.

There is one element of his force which has not yet been engaged—the Navy, Germany's Benjamin. It is almost certain that the war will not end until that favored child of her old age has been put to proof. It may be that Germany will stake all upon Petrograd, throwing in her Navy where it could undoubtedly produce trouble. That is a sphere in which the possible prize bears some relation to the risks. But, for reasons already suggested, we do not think the German Navy will achieve anything of importance in the Baltic. In the North Sea there lies nothing but the gratification of bringing the war on to the shores of the one enemy who has so far regarded it from afar. To seek a general engagement would be bad naval tactics for Germany. Even if we lost equally or a little more, we should still be far too strong for a crippled German Navy. The Germans might risk an engagement, to mask a raid upon our coasts. And, however improbable it seems, it is difficult to imagine Germany ending the war without engaging her Navy. But, as we have said, the signs of the moment are auspicious. The failure of Verdun has immensely stimulated the *moral* of the Allies. Germany has chiefly herself to blame for this. If she will boast her invincibility and publish lying *communiqués* to keep up the fiction, it is natural that the Allies and neutral nations, seeing the actual failure of her plans, should be disproportionately elated. We must be on our guard against this; but, calmly surveying the situation after Verdun, we may reasonably conclude that our chances of a real victory have seldom looked brighter.

#### THE SPIRIT OF COMPULSION.

It remains to be proved that compulsion will get for the British Army a larger number of men than might have been obtained by volunteering. But it wants no further experience to show how gravely compulsion has in a few short months qualified the spirit of patriotic self-sacrifice. Through the first year of the war the nation provided the most distinguished spectacle in its history. The three millions of volunteers who formed the new army went to their regiments not only with a free but with a glad will. There were complaints enough in those days, but they were the complaints of eager men. We heard of the weary delay in getting to the front, of the wasted months in camps at home, of the boredom of waiting till rifles and equipment were ready. Some hypercritical persons made sport of the recruiting meetings, but these meetings talked only of a man's duty, and expressed nothing but the spirit of combat. It is a new type of meeting that we are witnessing to-day, meetings called by one class of men to demand that another shall go in its stead. The complaints to-day are not of the delay in getting to the front, but of the haste in sending out the summons. Though it is common form for these married attested men to describe themselves as patriotic, some at least of them came together only to call for the sacrifice of the single, and to ask for concessions which may delay and might perhaps obviate any sacrifice from themselves. The married Admetus crying out to all and sundry to go and die for him is not an inspiring spectacle. Let us not blame him hastily. His

stake is many times greater than that of the single man, and it is usually not with the fear of what may betide him, but the dread of leaving wife and children in penury which causes him to give this exhibition of reluctance. The fault is not his. It lies with those who forced the system of compulsion on a country which had earned the right to freedom. For the change of spirit, for the destruction of that grand emulation in zeal, and the substitution for it of this huckstering calculation of sacrifices, the moral responsibility falls on a compromising Government and a weak Parliament. The weaker these are now, the further will this spirit of demoralization go.

For any useful discussion of the intricate problems of recruiting, the materials are to-day no more available than they were when the country plunged on guess-work figures. What is the measure of our military needs and supply? We all know that three million men volunteered before the Derby scheme came into being. Yet the Military Correspondent of the "Times" states that the Army abroad *and at home*, exclusive of the Dominions and India, and exclusive also of the Derby men, amounted at the beginning of this year to seventy divisions, "much under strength." Seventy divisions at full strength make 1,400,000 men. Our casualties were only 260,000, and of these the majority of the wounded had returned or would return to the front. That leaves more than half of the three millions unaccounted for. None the less we are told that with no more than seventy divisions in the field and at home throughout the current year, we shall require during this year a further 1,400,000 men as the intake of the Derby scheme and compulsion, to make good the wastage. A wastage at the rate of 100 per cent. per annum corresponds to no known or conceivable facts. It is on the basis of such unintelligible militarist arithmetic as this that we are invited, first, to disorganize the munitions and reserved trades by weeding out from them all the single men who remain in them, and then to complete the symmetry of conscription by applying it to the married men. The agitator's argument which rests this demand on some fantastic construction of the "pledge" to married men may be brushed aside at once. Every man who attested under the Derby scheme, whether single or married, understood from the War Office that munition workers and other "starred" and indispensable men were excepted from the call to arms. The munition industry, and even such relatively unskilled trades as the transport and the docks, have already been so dangerously depleted of experienced workers, that trained men who have become formed soldiers are being brought back from the trenches to fill the gaps in them. To deplete them still further of skilled workmen who happen to be single, would be to double our soldiers' mistakes with the follies of mob rule. While the rhetoricians draw cheap applause for speeches which invite us to imitate German efficiency in its more reactionary aspects, the example we offer is this elaborate general post, by which the skilled artisan is first put into khaki, then trained at the nation's cost as a soldier, and finally rushed back to his lathe, or his work at the shipyard, while the single man who had become efficient at his work is

drafted off to learn soldiering, and an unskilled married man is put into his place. Meanwhile the one item in the married men's charter of demands which has justice on its side, is precisely the item on which the Government seems immovable. It is inequitable to expect married men, unless they are earning a low wage at one end of the scale, or possess accumulated means at the other, to leave their homes on a separation allowance, without some arrangement as to his rent, mortgages, and insurance. That moratorium might have been proclaimed months ago, as it was in France; the thorny problem of how to deal with the accumulated obligations which must be shouldered by the State could have been discovered at leisure, as it was in France. Had this been done a year ago, we might have escaped compulsion altogether. Unless it is done now, on some such lines as Sir John Simon proposes elsewhere, the Derby scheme will make the Government, if not the war itself, so unpopular, that scarcely a pretence of the old national unity will remain.

More than enough attention is being paid to the married men who are voters with an organization and a press. What is not sufficiently realized is that, in its handling of the conscientious objector, the Government is committing the country not merely to muddle, but to a policy of religious persecution. The Act, clumsily worded though it was, did convey, on a careful reading, that Tribunals may grant absolute exemption to the genuine conscientious objector. If its meaning was at all obscure, Lord Lansdowne's speech during the debate and Mr. Long's very judicious circulars were perfectly explicit. In spite of this, most of the local Tribunals, and some even of the Appeal Tribunals, have taken the view that they can exempt only from combatant service. Up to last week not more than fifty absolute exemptions had been granted. Cases have even occurred in which men whose opposition to all war had been proclaimed in public speeches and pamphlets have been refused even the qualified exemption from combatant service. About ten thousand young men have claimed exemption on the ground of conscience, but, in spite of the clear intentions of Parliament, the great majority of these will be liable, when all is done, at least to non-combatant service. We have no wish to review the work of the Tribunals. They have shown in many cases a prejudice, a commonness of mind, and a lack of good sense which are a revelation of our national indifference to ideas. We are far from holding the creed of pacifism and non-resistance, nor do we see how it can be logically held by anyone who refuses to go the whole length with Tolstoy in "philosophic" or Christian anarchism. But one may reject it, and yet feel that the man who holds it sincerely is entitled to deep respect, and even that he is doing by his unpopular adherence to his faith a real service to society. The world cannot, in our view, dispense with force in the last resort. But the man who reminds us, even by an extreme and untimely protest, that force is always in itself an evil, and that the natural man is much too ready to invoke it, is standing for a true principle, which must in the end be victorious, if civilization is to survive. But whatever be the value of this protest, every man who has the perception to distinguish an idealist from a shirker, knows very well that most of these young men,

though they may be fanatics, are certainly not cowards, and that few of them are deficient in the sense of civic duty. They are the last men whom this nation in a sane mood would wish to persecute, and what is more, we doubt if many of them can be broken by persecution. We were all shocked when the Holy Synod refused Christian burial to Tolstoy, and we rejoiced when the Doukhobors, who refused military service in Russia on Christian grounds, found an asylum in Canada. Can we tolerate Christian pacifism only in other Empires?

The pacifists who have taken the middle path of devoting themselves to Red Cross and relief work have chosen much the more human and more helpful course. But the logic of the man who says that his concern is not merely to give literal obedience to the teaching which forbids him to kill an enemy, but rather to refuse in any way to assist the machine of war, is entitled to respect. It was, we believe, the intention of the wiser men in the Cabinet to respect it, though even they were disposed to make an untenable distinction between the Quakers and the other pacifists, who greatly outnumber them. But the military machine is in control. These English cousins of the men who revealed Prussia at Zabern care no more for a conscience than they care for an Act of Parliament. They imagine that they have only to get the "conscientious objectors" into the "Non-Combatant Corps," apply a punitive discipline, and "make an example" of a few of them, in order to compel the obedience of the rest. That is a profound error, and an error that may lead to tragedy. We are sure that the English people do not desire to imitate Prussia by shooting pacifists, whether Christians or Socialists. We are sure that the Government does not intend it. But the Government is drifting, and its ability to control the soldiers is already demonstrably imperfect. We see only one way of escape, and that is to leave the determined conscientious objector to continue his ordinary avocation. He is in no great numbers; his abstinence affects no military issue. As a producer at large, he will be of more service to the country than as a prisoner in gaol.

#### THE PANIC OF ANTI-DUMPING.

WE think it quite proper for the Allies to confer at Paris upon financial and commercial measures for strengthening their united war-economy and for weakening that of the enemy. It is also natural and most desirable that some of the close business contacts formed during the war should survive and fructify in the years that follow. In this connection we welcome the new financial corporations formed for the development of joint enterprises in Russia and in Italy with the bankers and business firms in these countries. All sound schemes of co-operation between members of the Allied nations will be of lasting value for the future international situation. But we strongly deprecate the attempts to forecast the future situation of the belligerent groups as one of lasting and embittered hostility in commerce and finance, demanding the immediate adoption of defensive and offensive tariffs, and other political measures of restrictive intercourse.



We adopt the same attitude to the endeavors of enthusiasts, fired by the oratory of Mr. Hughes, to forge new permanent bonds, political and fiscal, for the Empire. It is, we take it, likely that the events of the war will bring a closer organic union between Great Britain and her self-governing dominions. But it would be a profound mistake to seek to fix those new relations in the highly charged emotional atmosphere of the moment. This conviction is supported by strong protests from such representative organs of Australian opinion as the "Melbourne Argus." There is something very dangerous in this attempt to improvise permanent new arrangements out of the impassioned feelings of this world-struggle. It would be particularly foolish to make hard and fast arrangements for regulating and directing the course of commerce of this or any other country after the war. For it is difficult to predict with any reasonable certainty, still more difficult to prescribe, the courses trade will take under the changed circumstances of the world. One thing is certain. To impose political restraints and prohibitions upon industry and commerce, struggling back to normal conditions and confronted with grave problems of disordered labor and restricted credit, would turn a difficult situation into an unimaginable one.

We know that there are those who would impatiently brush aside all such precautions as cowardly evasions. After the war, they tell us, Germany will lose no time in mobilizing once again all her industrial, commercial, and financial resources, for the weakening of the economic power of the Allies, and for the invasion of their markets. Even Mr. Runciman, who clearly says and understands that the basis of our Free Trade policy cannot be shaken, suggests that Germany has "announced that at the conclusion of the war she will attempt to establish a Customs Union of the Central Powers on aggressive lines." There is to be a trade combination of the Central Powers to "penalize us." We must, therefore, draw together our Dominions and our Allies for defensive purposes, "put a ring fence round the German Powers," and, according to the startling rhetoric of Mr. Hughes, who speaks not as a Free Trader, but a Protectionist, cut out "the cancer of German trade" from our system.

Now, what steps are we really justified in taking to guard against the danger of German economic policy? As regards general trade, there is nothing Germany can do to weaken or to penalize us which will not equally injure her people. The Central Customs Union, could it be brought into being, might strengthen the internal resources of the Central Powers. But there is no meaning in imputing to it an aggressive power. It might, indeed, put a prohibitive tariff on trade with us and our Allies. But that would injure them as much as us. Besides, our Protectionists, and some of our "Free Traders" profess a desire to do no trade with the Central Powers after the war. Indeed, they propose to do the very thing they accuse the Central Powers of intending. If we wish to cut out the "cancer" of German trade, the refusal of the Central Powers to receive our goods will help this surgery.

But, of course, the real fear is not lest the Central

Powers should become self-sufficing and cut off trade with us, but lest they should insist on doing too much trade. After the war they are pictured endeavoring to crush our trades struggling for revival by "dumping" on our markets vast quantities of goods stored up and kept in readiness for this aggressive work! This is the latest note of alarm in France as in this country. The theory is that the German mills and workshops have been working full-speed during the war, piling up these huge stocks, estimated by some adventurous statisticians at a value of £300,000,000, in order to begin this commercial warfare. It is not easy to reason with this panic. One may ask: What actual evidence there is of this abnormal productivity in Germany, at a time when all effective labor must be absorbed in fighting, in making war requisites, or in keeping alive the civil population? One might point to the admitted shortage of raw materials in their textile industries and the stoppage of large numbers of their cotton mills. Or, finally, we might ask, what harm it would do the impoverished population of France for their neighbors to pour in stores of cheap necessities, to be paid for in smaller quantities of dearer French produce? For how else could they be paid for? As a matter of fact, the end of the war will and can show no such accumulations of stocks either in Germany or elsewhere. Quite the contrary. All stocks will be down to their lowest level, and the demand of the starved markets of the world will furnish full employment to the industries of all the Western countries as soon as labor and credit can be got into fair working order. Dumping, in the sense of unloading surplus stocks at any price they will fetch, in order to "conquer" a foreign market, will be a practical impossibility for any European nation at the end of the war.

Do the Allied nations really desire to stop all commerce with the Central Powers, or to reduce it to negligible proportions, and, if so, how do they propose to achieve this purpose? In an excellently reasoned pamphlet, just issued by the Cobden Club, Mr. J. M. Robertson set forth the difficulties and the contradictions involved in any such policy. A refusal of direct trade on the part of the Allies would necessarily open up more trade between Germany and the neutral nations. Great quantities of goods of German origin would either come in through these neutral countries, or would liberate goods produced by these neutrals for export trade to the Allies. Thus, German goods, or their equivalents, would be "dumped" as before on our markets. The feelings of our people might be spared by the substitution of indirect for direct trade intercourse, but the economic result would be the same. The notion that it is practicable to "boycott" a great modern commercial nation is quite chimerical.

Again, do we really want to do this, if we could? If Germany is to pay any sort of compensation or indemnity for the injuries she has done, she can only make this payment in kind by the ordinary processes of trade, and any difficulties imposed in trading processes would make such compensation slower or less adequate. These are some of the more obvious follies of a boycott policy. Very different considerations doubtless arise when it is proposed to meet the possible endeavor of the

Central Powers to secure exclusive control of certain supplies of war materials, or of what are termed "key" industries, which may be vital to the defence or trade of this country, our Dominions, or our Allies. These are some instances where German finance and trade have been made tools of the German war policy. When such dangers are found, it is evidently right for us to take concerted action to meet them. Until the world is put upon a far securer footing than hitherto, we must run no risk of shortage in the supply and manufacture of munitions and of other essentials of our national life. In the vast majority of cases the freest trade, backed by command of the seas, is the best, and, in fact, the only possible security. Neither within these isles, nor within our Empire, nor within the domains of the Alliance, is it possible to preserve all the essential foods and materials, tools and processes, required for our needs in war and peace. We must trust in the future as in the past to the wider intercourse of world commerce, not only for our secondary sources of supply, but for many of our primary ones. But State policy will rightly be directed to provide against the possibility of Germany, or any other likely enemy, obtaining a monopoly or a dangerous control of certain articles, the lack of which might imperil our existence.

Here, however, the remedy lies, not along the weak, costly, and ultimately futile way of protective tariffs, but by a State or Imperial organization of resources under efficient public control. The manufacture of war munitions should not be left to private profiteering enterprise, and though it would be impossible to rely exclusively on national or even Imperial supplies for all the raw materials which go to the making of munitions and other war requisites, our Government ought to ensure an adequate access to foreign supplies. This would involve an Intelligence Department with wider functions than any we have yet possessed, in touch with a more solidly established and better informed Consular Service. The Commission engaged before the war in a survey of our Imperial resources, material and human, should be able to furnish knowledge of inestimable value in developing, organizing, and unifying the power of the Empire for defence, industry, and commerce.

## THE RELIEF OF MARRIED RECRUITS.

SIR JOHN SIMON'S SUGGESTIONS.

TO-DAY is Quarter Day. Many married men who are about to be called to the Colors are anxiously awaiting the announcement of Government policy by which it is hoped in some degree to mitigate the financial anxieties which inevitably threaten their homes. A problem so complex and difficult naturally requires time for its solution, but this is a case in which hardships may be greatly aggravated unless the men affected are promptly informed of the extent to which Parliament will help them, in order that they may make the best arrangement they can before they go.

It is easy for critics to propose in generous and general terms that the State should bear all these

burdens, but the plain fact is that immense additions to public expenditure on this head are out of the question, and some more modest plan is likely to have greater practical utility. The Government alone can judge of what is feasible, and is doubtless considering many suggestions. Meanwhile, since the Government has taken the whole time of the House, no private member can introduce proposals for legislation on the subject, and all references to the matter in recent debates have been out of order, since legislation is necessarily involved.

The broad principle clearly is that those who remain at home must help to bear the burden of those who go to fight. And it is clear that such relief as can be devised must be available equally for all who have joined the fighting forces since the war began, and cannot be limited to any section now specially affected. On the other hand, if relief is given henceforward to all alike, it is not essential to the justice of any scheme that it should be retrospective in operation.

Most employers, in the earlier stages of the war, were able as well as willing to make substantial contributions to maintain the families of those who had previously served them, now that they were undertaking at peril of their lives service for the country. It is more difficult for employers, however willing, to be equally generous now. A plan for some State contribution supplementing a contribution from the employers has much to recommend it, provided that the Treasury can find the money. But, alike constitutionally and as a practical matter, it must be for the Government to formulate such proposals.

Putting on one side, therefore, all questions of contributions (over and above the present Separation Allowances) from public funds, there are three specific heads under which, as it seems to me, immediate legislation might provide some relief for those who go, at the expense of those who stay.

### I.—RATES.

If the occupier of premises is serving, might not legislation provide that those premises should be exempt from rates, with the result that the burden will be automatically shifted on to the body of ratepayers who remain at home? Such a provision would apply primarily to dwelling-houses, though there seems no reason why the principle should not extend also in some form to offices and other business premises. Probably a limit of rateable value ought to be fixed above which this relief would not operate, but the ordinary business or professional man, whose income in many cases stops as soon as he is called up for service, would get substantial relief in a matter where he and his family are otherwise going to be hard hit, and this without the necessity of elaborate statutory provisions for securing contributions from his neighbors who stay behind. The result would be a rise in rates; but, after all, the burden must fall somewhere, and local authorities have been making great efforts to limit expenditure in view of the necessities of war.

This exemption from rates should also apply, in cases where the tenant has joined the Colors, to workmen's dwellings, smaller houses, flats, &c., where the rates are paid by the landlord; but in these cases the legislation

would provide that the rent is to be proportionately reduced. There would have to be some summary method of apportioning the rateable value of tenements not at present separately assessed for rates.

The application of such a scheme may result in different rating areas being affected in very different degrees. In the district which contributes most generously to the Army there will be a larger sum to make good, and fewer ratepayers to find it. But the main thing is to relieve the soldier who is going to fight. Adjustments as between those who stay behind are, after all, of secondary importance. Any serious inequality as between rating areas might have to be subsequently solved by some plan of equalization.

## II.—RENT.

A difficulty which is pressing hardly upon many men now about to be called up is that they hold the lease of a house which they cannot promptly terminate by notice, and which binds them to pay a rent which they will have diminished means of meeting. Even if they would prefer not to move, the fact that they have no option to leave deprives them of any effective lever for negotiating a reduction of rent. In the ordinary London lease, for example, the opportunity for giving notice to determine the tenancy arises only once every seven years. Might not the statute provide that in the case of a tenant who joins the Colors there shall be introduced into every such lease the right on the part of the tenant to give notice to terminate the tenancy, say, in three months' time for smaller premises, and in six months for larger? A similar modification would be introduced into annual tenancies (which otherwise may not be terminable except by half-a-year's notice, expiring with a completed year of the tenancy). The effect of such a provision would be to encourage re-arrangements between landlord and tenant. The landlord in many cases is willing and anxious to do what is fair to meet his tenant's difficulty, and it is right that he should bear some portion of the burden. If the tenant had a legal right to determine the tenancy, there would be every encouragement for a compromise by which the landlord foregoes a portion of the rent so long as the tenant is fighting, on the understanding that the full rent will be resumed when he returns.

In cases where the landlord is himself a leaseholder, paying rent to a superior landlord, he should be given the right to reduce his rent proportionately.

The alternative proposal, that there should be some provision for a judicial revision of all rents paid by men who are serving, would involve so much inquiry in such a multitude of cases, that it is difficult to think the necessities of prompt action could be met by such means. The above suggestion, at any rate, would operate beneficially in some cases which at present are threatening householders who have joined under the Derby Scheme with the most serious consequences.

It may be objected that this suggestion is solely for the benefit of tenants holding under a lease, or at most on an annual tenancy, and that consequently it makes no provision for the great number who occupy smaller houses at weekly rents. But the answer is, that in their case the continuing liability does not exist, and,

moreover, the existing separation allowances do make a very substantial contribution towards the outlay which they have to meet.

## III.—OTHER LIABILITIES.

Is not legislation needed at once to suspend legal proceedings against men who have been called up? So far as soldiers have gone abroad, the difficulty of serving a summons would in itself, as a rule, prevent new actions, but many people are nervous on the subject, and the right to distrain for rent or to seize goods in execution must surely be further modified. A man who is devoting himself to fighting the Germans ought not to be exposed to the sniping of plaintiffs at home. In the first month of war, Parliament passed the Courts Emergency Powers Act for restraining the enforcement of payments hindered by the effects of war, but this was limited to payments arising out of pre-war contracts.

The above suggestions are limited in scope, and are open to the obvious criticism that they will not meet many hard cases. But at any rate they would meet some hard cases, and the legislation involved is not very lengthy or elaborate. Whatever else may be said, they are proposals very much better than a "moratorium." A moratorium means, or ought to mean, nothing more than deferring the liability to pay until the soldier returns. He must be welcomed home by something better than a series of overdue accounts, which he would in many cases have no means of meeting.

JOHN SIMON.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

VERDUN is probably safe. If so, the greatest of the German blows will have miscarried. French military opinion has never disguised the largeness of the plan. It was, in a sense, a "battle of opinion." But, besides the sentimental and political value of the capture of Verdun, Germany doubtless contemplated a sweeping military result. Its prizes are not obscure. There was the chance of driving a great army in confusion on to the Meuse, and effecting a capture of the character of a Sedan. There was the cutting of the railway to Chalons, and the breaking of the chain connecting the French Armies of the East and the West. There was the further prospect of a direct thrust on Paris, for example, by Soissons. It is prudent to speak with reserve of the German strength, but that no such simultaneous movement was attempted may perhaps be taken as evidence that the armies of the West were not thought to be numerically equal to it. That the forces before Verdun were terribly shaken there can be no doubt. One hears of division after division, in astonishing numbers as to the total, shattered, and taken well to the rear to be re-formed and re-filled. Nor do observers of the physique and bearing of the German prisoners speak well of them. France has borne herself gloriously in her hour of trial. And how restrained her demeanor under it!

THE wagers of the war on Liberalism, which is fast taking the place of the war on Germany, advance from



sap to sap in their grand mining operation. I assume that they know where they are going, and that they mean to make the Coalition Cabinet a place too hot for any Liberal to occupy. Only they do not seem to have quite decided who the chiefs of the capturing army are to be. I suppose a Law-Lansdowne Ministry, with or without Mr. Lloyd George as a Grand Auxiliary and Guerilla-in-Chief. All-round Conscription and Protection for the Empire and the Allies are, of course, to be the twin devices on the banners of the host. On these lines all the Liberal Ministers will, in turn, be marked down. Conscription for married men will dispose of the Prime Minister; and Mr. Runciman and Mr. McKenna will be despatched on the Zollverein which is to be negotiated at Paris.

HERE there is a hitch. Mr. Runciman is a Free Trader; as the President of the Board of Trade, he has necessarily negotiated the lines of the Economic Conference with M. Clémentel, the French Minister of Commerce. So he is to be deposed as our representative, and Mr. Bonar Law, or (happy thought!) Mr. Hughes sent in his place. Only Mr. Runciman happens to be an extremely competent and successful administrator, and there is no obvious reason for getting rid of him except that he might be unwilling to negotiate a full-blooded scheme of Protection (to the incidental ruin of a good part of industrial Britain) in the midst of a gigantic war, and with no knowledge of any one of the factors—political and industrial—which the end of that enterprise may present to the world's statesmanship. A trifling objection, but still, off with his head! Let no one imagine that the enterprise is a Quixotic one. It may be nearer fruition than is commonly supposed.

It is a little pathetic to see the way in which Mr. Hughes is being made the instrument of this manœuvre. He is, fortunately for this purpose, an ardent, attractive orator, full of the confident Colonial spirit with which Mr. Deakin inoculated us, and he comes at a moment when, with the thought of Anzac, all our hearts beat quicker at the word Australia. He is also a Protectionist of the Australian type. So he calls for the complete extirpation of the "cancer" of German trade. But does that mean the engrafting of the healthy growth of Australian markets? Well, who prevents? We are to have a great flowering-out of inter-Imperial commerce. Then let Australia open her ports to British ports, as we have always opened ours to hers. The offer is due from her to us. If she withholds it, we shall not grumble—we never have grumbled. But at least Bradford and Aberdeen must have some hint of the kind of future in store for them if the "cancer" of Central European trade is to be cut away. Perhaps, too, Paris would like to know whether she is to figure in the second line of a Protectionist tariff, in which the Dominions would take the first place under a preferential scale of duties. Unless I am very badly informed, that is precisely the issue which she does *not* want to develop from the Economic Conference.

ONE is glad to report the complete and sympathetic accord that exists between the French and British commands in France. When the attack on

Verdun began, the British Commander-in-Chief at once offered to place his force at the disposal of Joffre, for any purpose and in any direction he desired. The offer was cordially reciprocated. We have done exactly what France wished us to do. I mention this point because rumors of a contrary kind have been in circulation.

THERE can be no doubt that there have been serious street *émeutes* in Germany, in the course of which women have been shot down in considerable numbers.

THE panting haste of the Liberal "gingerists" to be in front of their Conservative rivals with a sort of stop-press vote for universal Compulsion, seems to have been too much for all but the toughest stomachs. On the other hand, I find a good many members rubbing their hands with naughty glee over the general spectacle presented by these builders of the national unity—already at mutual loggerheads—and forming themselves into majorities and minorities, gingerists and super-gingerists, whole-hoggers and half-hoggers. Yet on one point there is agreement among this odd collection. All alike are fretfully jealous of Sir John Simon's audacious interest in the case of the married men, and with one accord exclaim: "Hands off! This is *our* stunt."

M. CLEMENCEAU has many stories to tell of his visits to the front—one of them to a trench within eleven yards of the German lines, so near indeed that talk above a whisper carried with it the instant peril and threat of death. The trench was baptized the "tranchée Clemenceau," in honor of its famous God-parent. During the progress of the battle in Champagne, his presence as the only civilian in a group of generals attracted some curiosity among the *poilus*, and a sergeant asked him frankly who he was. "I'm a journalist," was the modest answer. The Sergeant swept his arm lightly over the immense field of battle. "Voilà de quoi faire des beaux articles," he said. Of this spirit of the soldiery, he (and others) could not speak too much. "Usually the first word of a wounded soldier (provided he could speak at all) as he was lifted from the field ambulance was a jest. 'Ils sont —, les Boches,' shouted one of these heroes, the first to be carried from amid a mass of bleeding and mutilated comrades.

I CANNOT understand (save for the sheer loss of memory that seems to afflict our criticism) the coolness and brevity with which the newspapers record the death of Stopford Brooke. Are we so rich in gracious personalities that we let this one slip away from us with a cold word? One writer, I see, speaks of his sermons as mere intellectual exercises. I could not express my dissent from such a judgment in language suited to these chaste pages. Brooke had so noble a face and demeanor that his mere appearance in the pulpit used to thrill one with the anticipation, not of a kind of stage delivery of the preacher's mind, but of a rich offering of the heart. This is what he always seemed to me to deliver. I did not know him in the days before he severed his always tremulous association with the Church of England. When

that event came, the personality of Jesus had ceased to occupy its earlier place in Brooke's intellectual vision of Christianity. But it seemed to inspire him with a more intimate affection, and the poetic expression of this feeling (for he was a poet in thought, in speech, and in the special cultivation of his intellect) was not less beautiful for it being more human than mystical.

It would, perhaps, be an extravagance to call Brooke a great critic. He lacked the sharpness and incisiveness of mind to carry his judgments into notable and permanent expression. But he had a wonderful passion and sympathy for literature, especially poetry, which carried him pretty far—sometimes into revealing the innermost springs of the poet's thought and feeling, imperceptible to all but the elect. When, for instance, he wrote about Blake and Shelley (in "Studies in Poetry"—1907), he did not so much analyze their inspiration as register the contact of its electric current with himself. His "Life of Frederick Robertson" is so striking an example of intuitive perception into his personality, that it is almost retrospective—an echo of the middle seventeenth century, when intimate biography was at its purest and most mature.

A WAYFARER.

#### THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE.

"We held our watches in our hands. They gave us one minute to prepare for the attack. The major turned to prayer; I said a few words of encouragement to our men. Both of us survived. Afterwards, the major said to me, mildly—'Why, with a few moments of life left you, did you not address yourself to God?' 'For the moment,' I replied, 'I found the thought of my country enough.'" So the Captain in a French regiment of the line described to a French deputy and brother soldier the intimate affection that penetrates the ordered and measured life of the French people. I say, ordered and measured, and such indeed it is. But to an island visitor there seems little enough measure to the expression of the Frenchman's devotion to France. "I die happy." "Tell my people that I have always done my duty," "Please give 500 francs to the poor of my parish," wrote a certain Lieutenant Lucquiard, of Sommières,\* after half his face had been carried away by a shell, while his dying fingers traced, in successive pages of a washerwoman's note-book, deeply stained with his blood, his last simple thoughts of home and charity. Imagine the trial to which this piety has been subject, its duration and extent! 3,000,000 French people lie under the coarse rule of the Germans, with such aggravations of grief and wounded honor as we may imagine.† The rest of the nation, which is in spirit the least militarist of all the Great Powers, is either fighting at the front—with fewer intervals of rest than our armies enjoy—or maintaining the fighters. Many of its great industries are crippled. Its vines will with difficulty sustain a third year of neglect or inadequate culture. Though the richness of its soil supplies many deficiencies, its wheat and barley harvests are much below the average. It is certain that France's lack falls well short of Germany's, for indeed we in Great Britain cannot, with our heavy losses and burdens, realize the war as it presents itself to the dwellers in a Continental country. But the drain on a smaller and an unexpanding population, largely devoted

to the little culture and to the production of the amenities of life, is necessarily grave. What strikes one with a certain awe is the dignity, half-stoical, half-Christian, with which France approaches the third year of such a war. To her perfection of bearing, any wayfarer in Paris, now adorned with the beauty of earliest spring as well as of her native loveliness, can bear his testimony. Bereavement is in the faces and the dress of her inhabitants. But I can only speak of their demeanor as one of illumination, and conjecture with Bergson, that the force that sustains such an attitude is not Germany's carnal and therefore dwindling "pride," but a spiritual energy, "drawn from something which does not waste."

In the absence, therefore, of a now incredible military disaster, one may well conclude that France is saved, not by us or by Russia, but by herself. This vitality is hardly sustained by great men or great generals, or by the unity of ideas which France will regain only when the Revolution is either forgotten or becomes the conscious basis of all her political thinking. Nationalism is, in a sense, in power, and may formally persist at least as long as the fugitive reign of M. Poincaré. But I believe it to be the most shallow, as it is the least touching, of the intellectual appeals of the hour. I do not think it is essentially alive either in the army or in the nation. There is a growing school of French officers who, taught by the lessons of the war, incline to that singularly exact prophecy of them, and of the defensive strategy which the campaign has entailed, contained in Jaurès's great book, "L'Armée Nouvelle." Anti-Napoleonism, and its political corollary, anti-Jingoism, remain, in spite of the propaganda of the "great press" of Paris, the true sentiment of France.

How does all this feeling bear on the conduct of the war and the future of the country? Here, indeed, one must recur to the character of the people, as it has been formed in the triple mould of law, custom, and history. "The French nation," said a wise Frenchman to me, "has two characteristics which it will never lose. It has common sense, and it knows how to moderate its desires in life and in politics." It is, indeed, being tempted to adopt a certain extravagance of gesture. "Crush Germany to earth, so that she can never, never, rise again, and build on the ruins a great Economic League of Entente and Neutrals," is the motto of this school. In fiscal policy, these writers and statesmen are, of course, Protectionists—in a land which, like all the belligerents, lives only by improvising a system of free imports. Their friends in the Senate have already held up the ground-work of M. Caillaux's great scheme for a regular and normal income-tax, and they would leave working France after the war with a grievous burden of irredeemable debt. Their affinity is with our own High Imperialists, though the last thing which attracts them is Mr. Hughes's vision of a Preference-bound British Empire. But are they not divorced from the mind of the mass of the French nation? Paris is not France, and the reality of the war presses hard on the legend of its picturesqueness which Paris cultivates.

What is that reality, so far as France is disposed to see it? It lies, in my view, in the vision of an essentially pacific nation, able to adapt itself to a scheme of defensive warfare by virtue of its great military skill and traditions and its high intellectual force, resolute to maintain the fine and precise individuality which is its strength, but ready, with its Allies, for an adequate, secure, and honorable peace when it is proposed. This, I am assured, is the mind of the peasants and of the petite bourgeoisie. Let me, with great diffidence, try to expand it. It is generally (not quite universally) assumed that France after the war will include Alsace-Lorraine. The idea of an indemnity, of vassalage to Germany, is completely set aside. Nor is there any belief which I can record in a voluntary and proximate German proffer of conditions of peace which France would accept. The embitterment towards her, largely the fruit of the indecent outrages which soiled her advance to the Marne and the following retreat, is great, but it does not obscure the judgment. The Frenchman in whose thought the teaching of the Revolution remains a sacred deposit,

\* See a little pamphlet called "Le Carnet Sublime," telling the story of this heroism.

† There is a story of a French soldier (told me by M. Clemenceau), the crack shot of his regiment, who was supposed to have killed three hundred Germans, and was finally shot himself. His wife had been shut up in the occupied districts, and he had heard that she was *enceinte*.

and not a bugbear or an historic memory, knows that he must deal with Germany after the war. He will bring to that relationship a certain self-confidence, born of the glories of the Marne and Verdun, as well as of the half-contemptuous tolerance which a true and established culture feels for the false and the upstart. But if he thinks France is safe, and sees her great foe palpably and permanently reduced in strength and ambition, he does not so readily imagine a Germany of princelets and principalities. He hopes to have to deal with a democratic one. But he does not imagine that this desirable political end will come through an Allied march on Berlin.

To what does he turn for a stand-by? Primarily, I am convinced, to this country. In no quarter in France did I find any weakening of the belief in the necessity of the bond between France and England, and its ameliorating and recuperative power. But when one deals with the fine and sceptical French temper, one must go a little behind its average expression. I imagine that here and there is some superficial impatience. "What is England doing?" asks the Frenchman, who, knowing that thousands of married men of forty-six or forty-seven (with families) are in her trenches, hears the echoes of the plaint of the English Benedict of thirty. He knows that England is doing a great deal, and is daily doing more. But he might like to be assured that in contrast with the definite war which he hopes to see ended by a definite peace, there does not lie in some English bosoms the perverted idealism of the "*guerre sans fin*." I am sure there is nothing—absolutely nothing—to encourage such an idea in the mind or the propositions of our statesmanship. But the immense sweep of the war may well alarm the prudently limited French mind, as it alarms the peasant-soldier, with his eye on the neglected fields and vines of the home-land. Such a view clearly comprehends a victory in the field, the rolling back of the invading legions, the release of the territory, and, in a broader vision, the constitution of a Europe in which France can sow and reap in security. But not a crusading war—a "*guerre de mots*"—a war to make Germany what she is not.

For this reason, it is natural to find that proposals for limiting it—as by a separate peace with Turkey—find favor. Not that there is great change of position. The *bloc* was the mainstay of democratic politics in France, and probably only one man in France could re-fashion it. Socialism, with its window open to a world that in its soul looks for reunion after the shattering experiences of the war, is a real ground of hope. But the Socialists and the Anarchists hardly exist as unified organized forces, and France does not instinctively turn to Parliament as a savior. But if the German internal situation developed—if, for example, ten or twelve Socialist votes in the Reichstag turned against the war credits, and the forty odd members, now either hostile or neutral, found themselves in the majority of the whole party, a French movement for resuming international relationships would naturally follow. This is the wish of the minority of the French Socialist Parliamentary Party. Not dissimilar is, I imagine, the real thought of the groups which, in spite of the newspaper dominance of Nationalism, represent the true majority in the Chamber. It is a pious aspiration as yet. Democratic France, bravest of the brave, fights on. Disloyalty to her Allies, to herself, is not in her thought. But she does not want a third winter of war.

H. W. M.

## Life and Letters.

### "THE BRITISH NEMESIS."

THE story of the most important twelve days which Europe has ever seen since Europe first was, is gradually being revealed to the world. The diplomatic history,

embodied in a litter of grey, yellow, and red books, has already given the main facts as they appear on paper. But beyond these diplomatic telegrams, there remain two subjects of permanent interest, one of them probably destined to be of permanent controversy. The latter is the estimate of the forces which were hurrying men to destruction in the months and years before its consummation; the laying of the mines, the placing of the powder-barrel, to which the final flare-up was but the applying of the match to inflammatory and explosive material. The former involves the writing of history as it flashed like a cinematograph before the eyes of the bewildered audience who were at once making and observing the forces that in the end burst through all barriers, and swept like a desolation over the civilized world. It is history resembling the studies by Lenotre on the French Revolution, where a casual phrase or a chance conversation, or even an appearance of anxiety or exultation, reveals the heart and desire of the man within. What, for example, would not the historian give for some such account of the Great Council at Potsdam on July 29th, 1914 (where, as far as we can judge from outside, the German Empire definitely decided on war) from which the Chancellor emerged to make his offer to England of neutrality at the price of complete abstinence from any influence on European affairs; or of some of the hurried discussions at Petrograd or Vienna; or of the continuous sittings of the British Cabinet, in that historic sunlit room looking out on St. James's Park and on the Admiralty with its wireless communications to all the British fleet? Of those deliberations we know nothing, except of the continually more desperate and constant communications scattered through the Courts of Europe, pleading for, demanding, Peace. Saint-Simon, in a famous historic passage, has described the Grand Council of the Duc d'Orleans, Regent of France, which led to the destruction of the Parliament and of the Bastards of Louis XIV. and their followers; retelling the speech of each, explaining the emotions visible on each particular countenance, even providing a plan of the place where each man sat as the "*Coup d'Etat*" was discussed and approved. Some such similar description of the historic War Councils of these historic days is needed in order that history may learn the whole truth.

Belgium at present has provided the best material. In the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," a semi-official account has been given, already noticed in these columns, of how the frightful news arrived at Brussels. And from the other side also it is the Belgian Minister at Berlin who gives the most vivid account of how the bad news came. In "*Germany Before the War*," by Baron Beyens (Nelson), a translation is provided of one of the most simple and convincing narratives both of the events which led up to the fatal fortnight and of the last days of those hurried and violent negotiations which were suddenly stopped by the flinging of ultimatums from Berlin to all the real or possible enemies of Germany. The Minister writes without anger, with extraordinary restraint, with full allowances for anything good or palliative in the people who have led his people captive, and subjected them to treatment which has no parallel since the Thirty Years' War. He writes, indeed, so dispassionately, and with such careful summing up of evidence, that the reader finds it difficult to believe that he is not considering the arguments for and against (say) the Sicilian Expedition, or the adventure of the French into Italy at the end of the fifteenth century. It becomes almost inconceivable to believe that what he is describing is the event of to-day, the launching of a thousand ships,



the premature death of millions of the common people who had no kind of quarrel with each other, the visible destruction, amid every circumstance of horror and pain, of great sections of the human race. He is convinced that something was brewing between the Archduke Fritz Ferdinand and the German Emperor, before the assassination of the former at Serajevo put an end to all their schemes. He does not accept the somewhat sensational story of Mr. Steed that arrangements were being made for a tripartite division of the Dual Monarchy on the death of Francis Joseph in order to provide crowns for the unrecognized sons of the Archduke, who had been debarred for ever from the Imperial throne. But he is sure that the German Emperor did not go in April to Miramar, and in June to Konopisht (accompanied by von Tirpitz) merely to admire the Bohemian rose gardens of the *de facto* ruler of Austria. "The Archduke, so far as one can read into the soul of this inscrutable prince, seemed to be the most eager for war." Yet by a decree of fate (was it fate or intention?) he did not live to see the accomplishment of the plans that he drew up in cold blood with his guests amid the exquisite gardens of his lordly mansion. The news of the murder, Baron Beyens declares, "burst upon Berlin like an unexpected clap of thunder in the midst of a calm summer's day." He leaves the Austrian Embassy with M. Cambon, "discussing the results, still impossible to foresee clearly, that this fatality might have for European affairs." But instead of immediate action there follows a strange interval of silence: only the Emperor at Kiel remarks, in enigmatic words, "So my work of the past twenty-five years will have to be started all over again," and to the British Ambassador, more menacingly, "Es ist ein Verbrechen gegen das Deutschum." (It is a crime against Germanism.) But he refuses to go to the Archduke's funeral, and sails away into the North Sea. Diplomats went away for their holidays: the terror seemed overpast. Yet "my colleagues in Berlin did not live in a fool's Paradise." There was an oppression in the air, like that which precedes the coming of a cyclone. Suddenly, on July 23rd comes the bolt from the blue—the Austrian ultimatum, which all realized was as much an ultimatum to Russia as to Serbia, and which meant, unless some miracle of the eleventh hour could intervene, that the Germanic Powers were convinced that the right opportunity had occurred for their seizure of the hegemony of Europe through the fire of battle and conquest.

That "week of tragedy" passes, with alternate hopes and fears: always (one is glad to find) confidence by the Belgian Minister that England will honor her guarantee; always in the minds of the German war leaders certainty that England and her guarantee are negligible. At length, on the Monday evening, Baron Beyens receives from his own Government information as to the presentation of the ultimatum to Belgium and its reply. It appeared something brutal, incredible—like a sudden unprovoked blow in the face of a child. At nine o'clock on Tuesday morning he is calling on von Jagow, and remonstrating and appealing against this criminal attack on his little country. "I invoked Belgium's honor, the honor that is no less sacred to a nation than to an individual, her obligations as a neutral, her past conduct, always thoroughly loyal to Germany (*this the Secretary of State ungrudgingly admitted*), and her inability to answer the Imperial Government's proposal in any other way than she had answered it already. He could not help acknowledging this, but he did so with an effort." But all such appeals were addressed to one who could not, if he would, arrest the calamity. He replied

with cynical arguments, that the French fortresses south of Belgium were difficult to pierce, and that Germany must advance through Belgium in order to overwhelm France. Finally, the Belgian Minister shoots his "Parthian arrow," which he had kept in reserve. "The violation of Belgium would mean a war with England." Von Jagow "merely shrugged his shoulders." And so they parted.

In the afternoon the Chancellor is talking in the Reichstag of the "crime" they are about to commit, and the Emperor is calling on his tribal God as the prophets of old called upon Baal. Only in the evening came the ray of hope out of black despair. "That same evening I dined alone at the Kaiserhof, a prey to the gloomiest forebodings. As I left the restaurant a handful of papers was flung to me from a 'Berliner Tageblatt' motor car. Marvelling at the swift fulfilment of my prophecy, I read that Great Britain had declared war on Germany." He rushed to the British Embassy to obtain "further details of this wonderful news." He found in front of it a vast crowd shouting German songs and cat calls, and hurling showers of missiles through the broken windows. "I had seen and heard enough," he concludes. "As I was wending my way homewards, a gleam of hope stole into my heart with all its grief and anguish. I saw a terrible face rising above the blood-red horizon, the face of the British Nemesis."

All Europe was awake through the few hours of troubled darkness of that historic night. Everywhere the soldiers were assembling, the weapons of war being prepared, the gathering together of the forces of Death and Destruction. One wonders most what could have been the thoughts of those who having been heirs to the heritage of Bismarck, now at last found themselves brought face to face with reality. They had gambled on Russian unreadiness, on French dissension. They had thought the Lion of Flanders dead, perished in comfort and commercial prosperity; they discovered he was suddenly and terribly alive. They had thought that England, impotent on land and seeking so desperately to ensure peace, was so terrified of war and so sunk in sloth, as to be willing to find any excuse to abstain from her honorable engagement, and to leave Belgium to her fate. Did they also see, rising "above the blood-red horizon, the face of the British Nemesis"? Terrible deeds have succeeded, frightfulness which has astonished and horrified the neutral world, losses and violences whose influence will remain unobliterated for generations; and the horizon is still "blood-red." But the dream of Germany's triumphant supremacy vanished on the night of Tuesday, August 4th, 1914. The "Nemesis" is delayed by the valor and organization and power of the German soldier and the German military machine; but the Nemesis will come, and this not from a mistake of material estimate, but from an inability to apprehend moral values; to understand that Belgium would choose martyrdom rather than dishonor, and that England would do no otherwise than keep her pledged word.

#### QUO TENDIMUS?

To the great majority of British citizens in July, 1914, blissfully blind to the intricacies of foreign policy and to the ominous quivering of power's balance, war seemed a thing remote, unreal, and incredible. And so to us all now, savagely stricken with nearly two years of bitter warfare, peace seems an unsubstantial dream and far-off fantasy. We can scarcely picture an England without khaki, a London without darkness, a sea without

submarines, and a Europe without massacre. War struck swift and hard, shattering our easy and confident ideals; scarce a thought but had to be revised and remoulded in the glaring light of disaster. And just as war on the tremendous scale had a tremendous effect upon our lives and our philosophies, so peace too will come as a revolutionary, and will enforce a new revision of ideas.

War is the most unphilosophic of human activities, not merely because it endeavors to prove right by might, but because it forbids discussion, turning debate into disloyalty and truth-seeking into treason. Wars, we are eternally told, cannot be carried on by debating societies, but we are not always further informed that that is greatly to the discredit, not of debating societies, but of war. During the conflict the popular right to question both ends and means is destroyed, and the democratic atmosphere of peace, which should find expression in alertness and in criticism, is dissipated at the brusque order of the soldier and the bureaucrat. Thus, the British people will not only emerge from this war with the loss—the temporary loss, it is to be hoped—of concrete rights, such as the rights to free trial, free speech, and free service, but it may also have lost, under the habituation of despotic control, the very feeling of freedom, the temper and tradition of criticism. This mood of men, however abstract and intangible, is the first essential of a living and a creative community.

Yet, if the great peace like the great war is to bring its revaluations, such a disposition to criticism is a fundamental need of democracy. One of the most disquieting features of modern civilization has been the absorption of humanity in material and mechanical progress, and its refusal, possibly deliberate and certainly definite, to discuss the ends at which progress should aim or to translate into terms of common welfare such seductive abstractions as "greater wealth," "increased production," or even "liberty of the subject." "This 'ere progress it does go on," observes one of Mr. Wells's Cockney characters, and his observation is pungent in its brevity. Progress does go on; it augments everywhere man's power, but it does not so markedly increase man's welfare or his eagerness to discuss the ends of action and the springs of desire. And so this age, when every one has at least a smattering of education, when every one can read, and can thereby learn within a few hours and for a mere halfpenny the whole drama of a world's events, is at the same time an age profoundly unphilosophic, uncritical, and unimaginative. Athens, we are sometimes told, was brought to ruin by the talkative and questioning spirit of its citizens, and so profound a thinker as Plato could see no merit in the infinite versatility of those amazing men whose virtue he found as nimble as their wits. But merit, like a sword, has a keen edge that may be turned upon itself, and because democracy is dangerous it is not damned; to every virtue a vice. Thus, if the solid Englishman can save himself from the snares to which the swifter Athenian fell a victim, so too does he lack that passion for knowledge, which give a rich reality to the word, philosopher. Easy to abuse the wandering sophist, to call him avaricious, shallow, and corrupt, yet he stood for and fostered a spirit of questioning and of criticism that probed not only the trivialities and temporalities of political and social life, but also such deep and enduring themes as the meaning of happiness and the nature of "the Good." He led men to the discussion of ends; above all did Socrates, noblest of the sophists, insist on definition. Thus to him, as to us, the greatest foe of clear thinking is the catch-word.

Yet the catch-word is the dearest toy of our modern and uncritical democracies, their toy and their destruction. The citizen of to-day is given just enough education to read trash, and just enough money to buy it; society also grants him just enough leisure to glance at head-lines and pictures, and provides a miraculous mechanism for the printing and distribution of such "news." Moreover, the power of the printed word is numbing; because it cannot be directly answered it destroys the taste and the capacity for debate, which are the essentials of a sound democracy. To the half-educated it comes with a sense of authority that not the gravest speech can rival. Thus the influence of the catch-word is insistent and invincible. It paralyzes criticism: it dominates and shatters thought. Just as ceaseless advertisement will persuade men that they do really need a certain soap or pill, so the constant reiteration of the word "progress" will persuade men that their form of advance lies beyond criticism, and that all is for the best in a most rapidly moving world. A catch-word press can lull us to sleep; its popped pages woo us to a drowsy acceptance of all that is and all that is becoming. Economic and social values supplant the moral and individual values. Welcoming the world, we soon forget to ply Socratic questions or to acquire that hard midwifery of definition that brings the truth to birth.

Thus the nations go on and the phrases grow. How many but accept the words Progress and Civilization as ultimate? How many will test them by the canons of human welfare? True that we depend in the last resort upon a direct judgment or personal intuition for our ideas about the goal of human endeavor, but, having formed those ideas, surely we must make them a stern criterion whereby to judge high-flown phrases. Concrete instances spring rapidly to mind. "After the war," people insistently remark, "we shall all have to work harder than ever. We must increase our output. We must speed up all round." Possibly by such a path we may find our way to the life we want and the society we admire. Such labors may be a necessity, and it would be foolish to deny such a proposition off-hand.

Yet we must realize that the people who hold these views and make these remarks frequently have no philosophy of life or scheme of values. They have made no effort to visualize in terms of concrete reality, of human life and health and happiness, the meaning of speeding up and increased output. They have not asked themselves whether terrific wealth and prodigious production are in themselves aims worthy of achievement. After all, we only produce to make life possible and enjoyable, and if the intensity of production destroys health, leisure, and all the joy of free creation, what have we gained, though we are the richest nation of a teeming world? Such considerations may in themselves seem platitudinous; yet they appear easily to slip from the average mind. Catch-words destroy all power of synthesis, and the formal church-goer who hears wealth denounced on Sunday chuckles approvingly on Monday when his paper and his friends clamor for increased production. He cannot or will not see that increased production without better production and better distribution is empty and worthless from the point of view of the common welfare. He will not bring his abstractions to the bar of reality or work out in social values the effect of his causes and his policy. Nor, in building himself a theory of peace and war, does he formulate to himself exact definitions of such vitally important terms as "nationality," "the State," or "liberty." He may or he may not strike the path that leads to human



welfare, but if he does so, it is more by chance than by consideration. A democracy has many kings, but the kings are not yet philosophers.

And so, if peace is to bring us another upheaval and remoulding of values, it is much to be hoped that it will bring with it a new method of Utilitarianism. By that, of course, it is not meant that we should give ourselves anew to the gross pursuits of industrial materialism or that we should bow down in reverence to the crude hedonism of Benthamite psychology. Bentham and his successors made many blunders, and his definition of happiness was ludicrous in its limitation. But the Utilitarians did convince the world of the necessity of justifying both creed and cause from the point of view of definite achievement. To them, phrases and catch-words were not only worthless but perilous; "progress" must be translated into the increased welfare of definite persons. Justly, for instance, did Bentham castigate the iniquities of a legal system which evoked the magniloquence and the enthusiasm of Eldon and of Blackstone. However fine it might sound, it did not work; it did not make men happier.

That application of the practical test was never more needed than at present. Let us not be limited, as Bentham was limited, in our definition of happiness or welfare. Let us make it as spiritual as he made it material, as wide as he made it narrow. Let us conceive it as the free activity of free men in the satisfaction of all normal desires, material, spiritual, intellectual, æsthetic. But, above all, let us apply the test, and with this canon let us ruthlessly appraise those high-sounding names of progress and of civilization. Peace will bring with it rest after turmoil; none the less will it bring a challenge. Remembering that optimism can be ordered, and that scepticism can be sane, let us bring to the bar of contemplation the latest developments of human thought and human activity. Perchance man is set upon the high road to happiness; but inquiry would do no harm.

## Letters from Abroad.

### A SEPARATE PEACE WITH TURKEY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—On various occasions during the last ten months we have seen in the press suggestions of a peace movement in Turkey, and of secret negotiations conducted in Switzerland by Turkish envoys with the same object. Personally, I have known of approaches made some time ago by Turkish and Egyptian gentlemen in Geneva.

Till now those attempts have been rather tentative and vague, and seemed to lack serious support in Constantinople. However, they have always been regarded with sympathy by students of Eastern problems, who certainly agreed that it was only through serious misunderstandings, and because of the mistakes of our diplomatists, that France and England, the two nations that for centuries had been the allies of Turkey, have become her enemies, and spent so many lives in fighting against her.

Meanwhile, the question has another very important aspect: France has 35,000,000 Moslem subjects, England more than 80,000,000, and there is a constant danger of troubles among them while we are at war with the spiritual leader of their religion. While the failure of the Franco-English expedition to force the Dardanelles had made the Turks not a little proud and even boastful, the recent successes of the Russian Army in the Caucasus, the fall of Erzerum, the conquest of Bitlis and of a large part of Armenia after all the losses and

exhaustion of such a long war, have certainly given a new impetus to the pro-French and pro-English party that has always existed in Stamboul. Already the remarkable and plucky speech made in the Senate by Ahmed Riza, the founder of the new régime, and for twenty years the leader of exiled Young Turkey, and the known sympathies of Djemal Pasha, the Minister of Marine, for the Allies were proofs of the existence of an anti-Germanophile section in the Young Turk Party itself. Since the victorious progress of Grand Duke Nicholas's Army in the East, the peace party has obtained quite a new influence. It has been stated that Enver Bey, the arch pro-German, has been murdered, and also that great pacifist demonstrations have marched through the streets of Constantinople and Smyrna. At the same time, the papers have been publishing statements about the conditions that Turkey was prepared to accept. One of the most remarkable statements appeared in the "Times," and indicated that the Turks were prepared to give up to Russia Armenia, which would be constituted into an autonomous State under the suzerainty of the Tsar; while the Straits would be declared absolutely free, so that it would be possible for the Allies to communicate with Russia through the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. Now, there is not the least doubt that if we could attain such a result—an immediate peace with Turkey—it would be an immense gain, and would advance by many months the end of the dreadful slaughter that has now been ravaging Europe for nearly two years.

At the last general meeting of the French Socialist Parliamentary Party, when I brought up the problem, and strongly urged its prompt solution, I got a general answer from the whole of my colleagues, both from the majority and the minority groups. It was unanimously decided to give a strong mandate to our three delegates in the Cabinet, MM. Sembat, Guesde, and Albert Thomas, to press this policy on the councils of the Government. At the meeting of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the French Chamber, I had a no less sympathetic reception. Naturally, there were those who were frightened by the difficulty of putting the question to Russia, but the general view, even among the more Conservative members, was that if we could persuade Russia to accept such a course, it would be an extremely happy event, and would have a beneficial effect on the general conclusion of the war.

Now, all this brings us back to this question: Have France and England a policy in Turkey? Because, if they really have, there cannot be the least doubt that they can make our Russian Allies understand that it is not only the interest of England, France, and Italy, but of Russia herself, that we should separate Turkey from Germany and Austria. Naturally, one serious obstacle stands in the way—Constantinople. If Russia is still pursuing this dream, many of us here think that she will make an isolated peace between the Allies and Turkey impossible, and so much prolong the war, and then we shall have to ask if the conquest of Constantinople for Russia is worth the lives of 700,000 French and English and Italian soldiers, without speaking of the Russians themselves. The strong duty of the statesmen of the three great occidental democracies is to suggest to Russia the difficulties of her old eighteenth-century dream, her demand for a city inhabited by one million of Turks, Greeks, and Armenians, with no Russians nor Slavs at all, and where the whole of the Balkan Powers would see her with dismay and regret.

I think that if our statesmen appealed strongly to Russia's interest, they could make themselves understood in this matter. After all, the German armies have conquered the whole of Poland, they are still at the doors of Riga, and the question for Russia as well as for her Allies is not who will be master of Constantinople, but whether the Germans or the Allies are to win this war, and also whether we shall be able to end it before the whole of Europe is exhausted and utterly ruined. If the Russians could get Armenia as their reward for their victories, I think they would be satisfied. And after the abominable butchery the Turks have lately



made of the unfortunate Armenian race, everybody will admit that they deserve to lose the country which they have so cruelly misused. But to make a separate peace with Turkey—and, I think, as a direct consequence with Bulgaria—we must not only endeavor to moderate the claims of Russia on Constantinople, but also the Imperialist ambitions of our own statesmen in France, England, and Italy. France must give up her claims on Syria, England on Mesopotamia, Italy on the coast of Asia Minor.

I hope that true democrats, both in England and in Italy, will work with the French Socialist Party and also with many Radical and Moderate members in the Chamber to attain this important end.—Yours, &c.,

JEAN LONGUET  
(Member of the Chamber of Deputies).

## Letters to the Editor.

### THINGS TO BE CONSIDERED.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Is it not most unfair to class all single men now working in munition factories as shirkers and slackers in view of the fact that until a few months ago in all War Office advertisements it was distinctly stated that men starred, badged, or in reserved occupations were not to enlist? Other advertisements said, "Unless you are making munitions your duty is clear; join the Army to-day."

Up to a short time ago recruiting officers had definite orders from the War Office not to enlist men (either married or single) who were employed in munition works. Considering that these men were forbidden to enlist, surely it is monstrous that they should now be charged with shirking their duty to their country.

Then, again, in connection with the very reasonable proposal that some of the financial responsibilities of the married men should be taken over by the Government, I note that it is suggested that the Government should only take over the liabilities due to landlords and insurance companies. Why should preferential treatment be given to landlords? What about liabilities to grocers, bakers, tailors, &c.?

There is just one more point in connection with this question. All suggestions that have been made relate to married men who are now being called up. What about the married men who have been enlisting for the last eighteen months? What about the men who enlisted in the early days of the war? These men readily responded to their country's call. In doing so many of them made great sacrifices. Surely, the matter will have to be dealt with retrospectively.—Yours, &c.,

A RECRUITER.

March 20th, 1916.

### THE FUTURE OF THE FREE CHURCHES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—At a time when international solidarity has become a mere phrase, the fact that we are able to turn our desire for unity to some effect is much to be thankful for. Mr. J. H. Shakespeare and the Free Church Council have been giving expression to an ideal which is one of the most powerful forces of our time. The denominational, the sectional spirit, says Mr. Shakespeare, is dying out. It is not for the Free Churches to stand out against the growing desire for closer unity. In the sense in which Mr. Shakespeare meant it, that is true. But it is the federal and not the unitary solution that has most fascination for the modern mind. Federalism is likely to be the twentieth-century maid-of-all-work. It has already solved the problem of our self-governing colonies. Imperialists are turning to it as a panacea for the evils of a crude Imperialism. In the labor world the federal idea holds the field. Trade unions which distrust amalgamation look to federation as the remedy for the inefficiency born of chaos. It is surely right that the Free Churches as pioneers of liberty and progress should declare themselves in favor of a federal scheme. There are two dangers likely to beset the

framers of a federal constitution. There is, first, the danger of bureaucracy. A central co-ordinating body will be essential—a federal Parliament ready to guide and control its members. To reconcile efficient organization with democratic control will be a difficulty, but it is a difficulty which the Free Churches, with their liberty-loving and independent tradition, ought to find it easy to surmount. Above all, the Central Council must be representative of sectional as well as local interests. It is to be hoped that when the scheme comes to be drawn up there will be some one to put in a plea for the representation of women on the governing body. When one considers the work of women in the churches it is impossible not to feel that no truly representative body could afford to dispense with their assistance. It is the duty of Free Church democracy to recognize the dependence of a United Free Church on the sympathy and good-will of its women members.

Secondly, the Free Churches will have to face the dangers of parochialism. The value and strength of the federal idea is that it recognizes and allows for local autonomy. But federalism is based on the principle of sacrifice; and if there is to be a great United Free Church, with a united policy and a definite mission, its members must be ready to surrender much of their prejudice and some of their independence. Those of us who are proud of our independent tradition realize that the sacrifice involved may be a great one. We must countenance nothing which would tend to force our churches to submit to an authority from which they have freed themselves in the course of centuries. But federalism is no tyrant. The value of Christian unity and the hope of a Christian Commonwealth are worth infinite sacrifice. Liberty and order are not impossible to reconcile. Unity and diversity can exist as characteristics of the same system. It will be well for Free Churchmen to broaden their outlook. Nonconformity has long stood for an ideal of Christian brotherhood, and even now one cannot give up hope that the federal solution may be applied to international relations. One thing is certain: before foreign relations can be purified, a nation must look to the culture, education, and morals of her own citizens. The more highly developed the individuals who form a state, the more highly developed is its consciousness of its obligations to other nations. Political reconstruction must be preceded by spiritual regeneration.

As Imperial Federation seems to many to be the true goal of democratic Liberalism, so Free Church federation is the logical aim of Nonconformity. The Free Churches have before them a great opportunity. They have in their ranks young men and women whose faith in the Free Church ideal still burns brightly, who are watching modern developments with interest and enthusiasm, and who are anxious to help in the work of reconstruction. Let Free Church unity become an accomplished fact; let the younger generation fire the new-built Church with their own zeal, and there will be a spiritual revival which will make the formation of a "United States of Europe" an easier and a more inspiring task.—Yours, &c.,

INDEPENDENT.

Oxford.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—As one of the delegates to the Bradford meetings, I heard Dr. Orchard's very suggestive speech. His letter to you in the current issue makes some of the points over again. One of them is what he calls "Evangelical Poverty." He says we may require a ministry which is willing to face poverty for the sake of the Kingdom of God. But is not this in effect, whether or no in intention, to set a standard of celibacy for Free Church ministers? If I were a single man I would not mind embracing "Evangelical Poverty" to-morrow if that would help the Kingdom. But to ask one's household to share in the effects is surely quite another matter. As a matter of fact, a poverty quite as evangelical and effective as any they might take in obedience to an order has for the last quarter of a century been the lot of at least half the ministers in the Baptist Union. And it does not seem to have been of much assistance either to them or to their churches. Does Dr. Orchard mean that the movement expressed in the Baptist and Congregational Sustentation Funds is on wrong lines altogether? The basis of the appeal made for both of them is that release

from grave economic pressure is a prime factor in spiritual efficacy. Were we all wrong in holding this? Ought we to have been engaged instead in an enthusiastic Impoverishment Campaign, to leave everything as it was, and cut down all stipends which were above the subsistence level? These are very large questions, but they seem to me to rise directly from Dr. Orchard's suggestion. I hope very much that he will expound more fully what he means.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN IVORY CRIPPS.

Southport, March 18th, 1916.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Shakespeare proposes to meet the failure of denominationalism by federating the denominations into a United Free Church of England. He points to a small town where there are five chapels—Wesleyan, Primitive, Congregational, and two Baptist—the aggregate congregations of which amount to about four hundred. Naturally, he deprecates the waste of energy, the over-lapping, the financial strain, &c.

Let us consider, however, how federation would remedy this state of things. Presumably the governing body of the federated churches would reduce the number of chapels. But one naturally asks why not begin by suppressing one of the two which belong to Mr. Shakespeare's own denomination? Here it is not necessary to wait for federation. If the Baptists cannot check their own subdivisions, they can hardly hope that a federation would prevent Methodists and Congregationalists from wishing to maintain their own definite form of organization.

We may here ask why there are, in this little town, two Baptist chapels, each with its own underpaid minister and scanty flock. Probably the division is due either to opposed convictions or to personal preferences and dislikes. Perhaps one of the Baptist ministers is teaching that the Bible is infallible, future torment everlasting, and possibly that those condemned to it are arbitrarily predestined for Hell. The other may be a universalist, and a follower of the "higher criticism." If a third Baptist chapel were started to teach some intermediate theology, it would probably attract at least a third of the congregation of each of its rivals, provided that the third minister was as efficient as the others. This result is the logical outcome of Protestant dissent, and especially of denominations like the Baptist, which insist upon congregational autonomy and upon the fundamental importance of doctrinal opinion. Something might be done no doubt by cutting down the five chapels to three, in order to represent what we may loosely call (1) old-fashioned Protestantism, (2) modernist or rationalistic Protestantism, and (3) some compromise between the two. But then fresh lines of cleavage would appear. Those who like to elect a minister by the vote of the congregation, and those who prefer a minister appointed in some such way as Wesleyanism prescribes, could of course worship in the same chapel, but only by over-riding the preferences of one or both sections; and those preferences may be so strong as to decline to be over-ridden.

We may next notice that the arguments used in favor of federating the Free Churches, as a means of economizing resources and of presenting a united front to Sin or Agnosticism, or whatever the real opponents of Christianity may be, would apply with equal force to prove the desirability of including the Established Church in the federation. It is conceivable, of course, that Establishment is the enemy; but this can hardly be the view of the enlightened Free Churchmen who want all Christians to unite against wickedness and indifference. In the town to which Mr. Shakespeare refers there are two Anglican churches, in addition to the five chapels. Why not combine all seven into one or at least into a small number representing really fundamental divergencies? It might be possible to meet the latter requirement by having two or three ministers conducting services at different hours in the same church. Some such plan as this would be the logical way of meeting Mr. Shakespeare's desires; but he himself would no doubt repudiate it. My object in writing is not to push any particular proposal, but to bring the rather vague generalities in which many excellent persons are indulging to the test of a concrete example, which I select, simply because it is given by Mr. Shakespeare.

I may, however, work out in more detail the alternative suggested:—

PRESENT PROVISION.—Two churches; five chapels.

SUPPRESSION.—One church and four chapels to be suppressed. The buildings and the land on which they stand to be sold for an endowment of common worship. Any endowments of the suppressed places to be put into the same fund, administered by the Parish Council.

PROPOSED SERVICES.—Services in the parish church of an interdenominational sort, approved by the parish, at 11 and 6 o'clock. Sermons might be preached after these by the vicar at 11.45 and 6.45. Those who do not care to listen would withdraw. Some of them would go to sermons at 12 and 7 o'clock in the chapel. The other services in the parish church would be Anglican. There would generally be Holy Communion at 8 a.m. and children's service at 3. Matins at 10, and Evensong at 4 would in some places be added. The remaining chapel would be the property of the Parish Council, and let out at a nominal rent to bands of parishioners for services and sermons, and classes acceptable to them. They would, of course, pay their own ministers. In some small places it might be desirable to retain a second chapel, in order to provide a still greater variety of services, sermons, and Bible-classes.—Yours, &c.,

J. E. S.

March 21st, 1916.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Shakespeare's scheme of a United Free Church may be excellent from a business point of view, but surely it is futile as an effort to restore that spiritual vitality which can alone make Nonconformity once more a strong force in human life. As soon might a physician propose the grouping of sick people as a substitute for restoratives to health, or a telegraph company a union of its offices in place of electricity. What our Churches need is something inner. They have lost their old vigor, and their only hope is to recover it.

This loss of vigor, I think, is caused by the dropping of the distinctive Nonconformist ethic. This, I take it, was the incorporation into public life of the will of God as expressed through Jesus of Nazareth. Other bodies dealt with individuals, Nonconformists characteristically with the State. And they stood so inexorably for the "Headship of Christ," as they termed it, in the State, that though they were comparatively ill-educated and narrow-minded themselves in national life, they even put governments under their feet.

Now this has gone. When do we hear of "The Nonconformist Conscience"? And when Bills before Parliament are discussed, is not the question too often with our Free Churches, "How will it affect the Government?" not, "Is this measure right or wrong?" No wonder, then, that your correspondent writes: "The Government has been terrified by the Labor Party and panic-struck by Mr. Redmond, but it cares nothing for Free Churchmen." Why should it if Free Church ideals reach no higher and go no further than those of the Government itself?

Yet I contend that unless Nonconformists do "terrify" governments, the cosmic process will not keep their place for them, but will cast them with all functionless bodies on the dung-heap like salt that has lost its savor. Other religious communities may have other functions, but that of Nonconformists is to non-conform, of Dissenters to dissent. If they assent blindly to political expediency and conform to pagan institutions, what is their use in establishing the kinship of Christ?

We ask, in sorrow, not in anger, is it possible to believe that these churches would have been as weak as they are if they had stood as inexorably as of old for the Christianization of the State? Would they not have absorbed the vast vitality of Feminism (and sex-equality is a principle of Christ) and the passion of the Democratic movement (and the sanctity of personality is implicit in Christianity), or the deep spirituality of the incipient Pacifist cause (which assuredly is part of the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount)? Poorer, fewer, more scouted Nonconformists might have been, but not less vigorous. They would have vindicated their existence, and their future would have been as assured as the courses of the stars. May I add that in writing this I have reason to believe I am voicing the views of a body

of Free Church people, the Free Church League for Women Suffrage, of whose monthly organ I have the honor to be in charge?—Yours, &c.,

EDITOR, "COMING DAY."

March 15th, 1916.

[We have been able to print only a selection from the correspondence that has reached us on this subject. We hope to give more space to it next week.—ED., THE NATION.]

#### NATIONAL INSURANCE AGAINST DISEASE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The Royal Commission on Venereal Diseases has just issued its report, and we are all busy reading it. On the broad issue on which the Commissioners were asked to report, it is a great matter that their recommendations are unanimous. They emphasize the gravity of the situation; they base their view on evidence which can leave no doubt in the mind as to how serious that situation is; and they urge that

"measures should be taken to render the best modern treatment of venereal diseases readily available by the whole community, and the arrangements should be such that persons affected by these diseases will have no hesitation in taking advantage of the facilities for treatment which are afforded."

Elsewhere it is stated that it was

"the general opinion of the witnesses . . . that no adequate system of treatment would be organized unless responsibility for the measures to be adopted were undertaken by the State."

Expert opinion will differ on other points raised in the Report; it will be, I believe, unanimous on this. That is a great gain. But at such a time as this, when we are spending nearly five millions a day on the war, neither the Government nor the general public (on whose good-will governments depend) may be equally clear as to the necessity of proceeding at once to put these recommendations into practice. It is to urge this necessity that I invoke the powerful aid of your paper. It is true that we need to look to every penny we spend. But it is also true that we shall continue to need money badly long after the war has ceased, and that if we wait until the terms of peace are signed to set up the required provision for dealing with venereal disease, we shall have added enormously to the expenditure required, and seriously lessened the vitality and recuperative power of the people who will have to earn it. The evidence given by expert witnesses before the Royal Commission shows how terribly far-reaching are the effects of venereal diseases. Recent scientific research has proved their connection with some of the worst of the ills which are sapping the health of the race—a conviction unproved, and even in many cases unsuspected, until the introduction of the Wassermann test. It has shown that gonorrhœa, once regarded as a trifling malady, is a racial poison, not a whit less terrible than syphilis. It has brought to light a mass of innocent suffering which should convince the most rigid of moralists that, if only for their sakes who have no guilt in the matter whatever, facilities for treatment should be "such that persons affected by these diseases will have no hesitation in taking advantage" of them. If we are to repair the ravages of the war and build up a nation worthy of the sacrifices that have been made for it, there is no time to be lost in preparing to deal with so serious a danger as this.

Every great war of modern times has been followed by an increase of disease. Nor is this to be wondered at. During a war the nation is at full stretch, every nerve strained for victory, and everyone prepared to do and to suffer. Afterwards comes the inevitable reaction. The strain must be relaxed. Everyone is exhausted. Sacrifices made gladly before become intolerable, and with the general loosening of restraint comes moral laxity and consequent disease. Even if we had not this to fear, there is cause enough already for the recommendations of the Commission; but with this prospect before us, the need becomes urgent indeed that the State should take the matter in hand at once. In order to save millions in the future, let thousands be spent now. The war is not a cause for putting off our preparations; it is a cause for hurrying them on. And the recommendations of the Royal Commission with regard to

the provision on a national scale, and by the State itself, of facilities for the treatment of venereal disease will, if they are carried into effect now, be the wisest form of national insurance against future loss ever carried out by any Government.—Yours, &c.,

A. MAUDE ROYDEN.

March 22nd, 1916.

#### THE DRINK TRADE AND STATE PURCHASE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As one who has had some opportunity of studying the trade in drink through the medium of the Public-house Trust, may I say that I have long ago come to the conclusion of Sir T. P. Whitaker's article in the "Contemporary Review" on "The Drink Trade and State Purchase," viz., that as long as one man is financially interested in getting another man drunk the mischief will go on, and we must, first of all, eliminate all private interest in the selling and the making of drink before we can hope to make any progress in dealing with the problem? That is why, heavy as our prospective burdens are, I should not hesitate to add to them, even at this time of financial stress. There is no investment that the nation could make that would give such a return in social progress and public health as money expended in this way. But the cost would be considerable. That is brought home to me by our Public-house Trust experience, that whenever a licensed house is transferred from a brewery company to the Trust, and a salaried manager without commission put in, the sales fall off, and what was a paying house under a brewer becomes a losing one under the Trust. That is our experience of the result of disinterested management, and the reason why the Trust system has made so little headway. By a self-denying ordinance the shareholders are prevented from receiving more than 5 per cent. on their capital, and owing to the conditions pointed out above they are not likely to receive that unless they are fortunate enough to be allowed to supply a new house in a new district where there is little or no competition.—Yours, &c.,

E. PETER JONES.

Greenbank, Chester. March 21st, 1916.

### Poetry.

#### COTSWOLD JOAN.

DAISY is giddy for Town,  
Dorothy's off to the Fair;  
But I'm for the hollow on Dover's Down—  
I shall meet Robin there.

Dorothy loves the cobbles,  
And alleys busy and glad;  
But I love only the wind-washed turf  
And my brown shepherd lad.

Daisy's for lace and jewels,  
Clatter and lights aglow;  
But I'm for the clouds and a tongue-tied boy,  
And the dear dim weald below

Daisy has scores of lovers,  
Dorothy half a score;  
But I have Robin and Robin has me—  
Why should we want for more!

Dolly is giddy for Town,  
Daisy's agog for the Fair;  
But Joan is for hide-away, kissing and all,  
In a tangle of wind-tossed hair.

Robin, his quick broad hands  
That crumple and crush you small,  
His bass reed pipe and carolling throat,  
And his hip-swung, free footfall!

Peg's for the fun of the Fair,  
Dolly's the gape of the Town;  
But I am for Robin, the heart in me, all of me,  
Robin, and Dover's Down!

F. H. L.



## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Religion in Europe and the World Crisis." By C. E. Osborne. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "Recollections of an Admiral's Wife." By Lady Poore. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Irish at the Front." By Michael MacDonough. (Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. net.)  
 "The Little Demon." By Feodor Sologub. (Seeker. 6s.)  
 "Le Pardon Présumé." Roman. Par André Corthis. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3fr. 50c.)

BEST sellers are like butterflies in the fact that the period of their circulation is commonly a short one. A novel is to be seen on all hands to-day; to-morrow it has completely vanished, having been cast into the oven, or, more likely, into the pulping machine. But if it was written long enough ago, it stands in these times a fair chance of winning some slight attention. Our efforts to reconstruct the past are greatly helped by studying the books our ancestors read. And this extends even to books that are now forgotten, and to writers whose names are almost unknown. For, as Taine declared, in literature as in war, "the common soldiers occasionally exhibit, more clearly than the generals the capabilities and tendencies of their time and country." These observations, as the schoolboy wrote, "neque hinc sunt, neque illic." They serve, however, to introduce the subject of Mrs. Eliza Haywood. Who was Mrs. Eliza Haywood? She was the wife of a clergyman and a popular novelist (the combination seems to have a vigorous survival value) of the first half of the eighteenth century, the subject of some of Pope's coarsest but not cleverest satire in "The Dunciad," our earliest woman publisher, and, for a time, "the most voluminous female writer this kingdom ever produced." If you want to learn more about her you can do one or both of two things. You can read Mr. Gosse's essay on "What Ann Lang Read" in "Gossip in a Library." Or you can peruse "The Life and Romances of Mrs. Eliza Haywood," by Dr. G. F. Whicher, recently published by Mr. Humphrey Milford for the Columbia University Press.

DR. WHICHER's book has been "approved by the Department of English and Comparative Literature in Columbia University as a contribution to knowledge worthy of publication." I fancy that if Mrs. Haywood had been informed that such a treatise as this would have been written in her memory in the twentieth century, her predominant emotion would have been extreme surprise. That feeling would certainly have been shared by her literary contemporaries. Most of them seem to have sniffed at her intellectual pretensions. It is true that Steele accepted the dedication of one of her novels, but it is equally true that we have no evidence that he was given an opportunity to decline that honor. Colley Cibber wrote a prologue for one of her plays, and Aaron Hill, Richardson's friend, wrote an epilogue for another. But what can one think of the discernment of a man who gave such names to his helpless children as Minerva, Urania, Astræa, and Julius Cæsar? Richard Savage wrote her some complimentary verses, singling out her love passages for special admiration.

BUT Mrs. Haywood's most fervent admirer, at least in the way of verse, was a certain James Sterling. His poem, "To Mrs. Eliza Haywood on her Writings," contains a compliment that could soften the hardest of female pens:—

"You sit like Heav'n's bright Minister on High,  
 Command the throbbing Breast, and wat'ry Eye,  
 And, as our captive Spirits ebb and flow,  
 Smile at the Tempest you have raised below,"

an Olympian attitude which even Miss Corelli would hardly despise. Warmed by his own enthusiasm, Sterling goes on to denounce what Mrs. Haywood herself styles "the numerous difficulties a woman has to struggle through in her Approach to Fame":—

"Sure, 'twas by brutal force of envious Man,  
 First Learning's base Monopoly began;  
 He knew your Genius, and refus'd his Books,  
 Nor thought your Wit less fatal than your Looks.  
 Read, proud Usurper, read with conscious Shame,  
 Pathetic Behn, or Manley's greater Name;  
 Forget their Sex, and own when Haywood writ,  
 She clos'd the fair Triumvirate of Wit;  
 Born to delight as to reform the Age,  
 She paints Example thro' the shining Page;  
 A Task reserv'd for her, to whom 'tis given,  
 To stand the Proxy of vindictive Heav'n."

PAINTING example through the shining page and acting the part of proxy to vindictive Heaven, are not, it must be admitted, characteristic of Mrs. Haywood's literary efforts. Palpitating passion was more in her line. Dunlop, in his "History of Fiction," asserts that "her male characters are in the highest degree licentious, and her females are as impassioned as the Saracen princesses in the Spanish romances of chivalry." He makes an exception of "The History of Miss Betsy Thoughtless," a book which he credits with having suggested Miss Burney's "Evelina." At any rate, it and "The History of Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy" are the two best novels that Mrs. Haywood wrote. The latter was pronounced by Miss Martha Buskbody in the informal conclusion to "Old Mortality"—a lady, it will be remembered, who had read through the whole stock of three circulating libraries—to be, "indeed, pathos itself." And a contemporary writer, who seems to have read all that Miss Martha did, gives high praise to both books. "The fact remains," says Professor Saintsbury in his latest book, "The Peace of the Augustans," "that, to any one of fairly catholic tastes, 'Miss Betsy Thoughtless' and 'Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy' are quite as good reading as any but the few very best novels that the twentieth century has yet produced, and much better reading than the majority of the others."

FOR a few years around the end of the first quarter of the eighteenth century, Mrs. Haywood had probably more readers than any other English writer. This alone would seem to entitle her to some consideration in the world of books, but against it must be set the fact that she produced nothing which the world (except Professor Saintsbury and perhaps one or two others) has not willingly let die. To-day, no library, not even the British Museum, has anything like a complete collection of her works. Mr. Gosse explains their rarity by saying that her large public consisted almost wholly of servant-maids, seamstresses, and milliners' apprentices. For girls of this sort there was no other light reading. Their mothers, if seriously inclined, read "The Apparition of Mrs. Veal," and their brothers could pass the time with "Captain Singleton" or "Robinson Crusoe," but they were left with Mrs. Haywood until Richardson gave them the opportunity to follow the fortunes of Pamela with delighted apprehension, or to shed their tears over the trials of the unhappy Clarissa. When Richardson and Fielding came on the scene, Mrs. Haywood's writing showed a marked improvement, and her claim, such as it is, upon literary history, is the work she did in helping along the transition between those famous writers and the novel as it was understood by Fanny Burney and Jane Austen.

APART from the merit or demerit of her writings, Mrs. Haywood has the distinction of having done her share to make authorship a profession by which women could earn a livelihood. Almost until her time, women novelists and women poets were either elegant triflers who wished to add a reputation for wit to their other charms, or they were mere compilers of *chroniques scandaleuses*, inviting the patronage of Minerva because Venus had proved unpropitious. If Mrs. Aphra Behn and Mrs. Manley were the pioneer professional women novelists, Mrs. Haywood followed their lead with undoubted courage. In addition, she broke fresh ground by becoming our first woman editor and woman publisher. The latter enterprise was unsuccessful, but "The Female Spectator," which she conducted for twenty-four numbers, is not the worst of the imitations of its famous model. "In literature," a French critic has observed, "even if quality is lacking, quantity has some significance." To that significance Miss Eliza Haywood has an undisputed claim

PENGUIN.

## Reviews.

## MARGINALIA.

"Shakespeare's Industry." By Mrs. C. C. STOPES. (Bell. 7s. 6d. net.)

WHY Mrs. Stopes called this book "Shakespeare's Industry" we cannot conceive. The title hardly covers a tenth of her material and specifically only eleven pages. But we can quite understand why Mrs. Stopes was hard put to it for a title to her new book. It is, in fact, so heterogeneous a collection of documents (largely reprinted from the "Athenæum"), some of which are only connected with Shakespeare at all by links welded by Mrs. Stopes's own ingenuity, that she surely might have been tempted, under an obligation of comprehensiveness, if none of originality, to have called it a "hotch-potch," "pot-pourri," or "olla podrida." To call it "a remnant sale" is rather a definition of the book's character, than any aspersion upon her. The bulk of Mrs. Stopes's researches into Shakespearean problems has obviously been already accomplished, and this volume is a kind of marginal notes upon the devoted industry of a lifetime. To the ordinary reader, even if he be a confirmed Shakespearean student, it will be rather like reading the appendix to a book of which he does not possess the text. Still, our quarrel with Mrs. Stopes lies in the fact, not that her latest book is a miscellany of oddments, but that the quality of her judgment is in many cases open to serious criticism.

Her first chapter—on Shakespeare's reading—need not detain us. It is more of a recapitulation of authorities than an original contribution to the theme. But we are a little surprised that Mrs. Stopes does not mention Dr. Farmer's charming and scholarly "Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare," which has virtually been the text-book for subsequent investigation upon the subject. The next chapter—on Shakespeare's treatment of his originals—demanding, as it does, the exercise of imagination and psychological insight rather than pure scholarship, is a little too vague for detailed examination. It is curious to note that here, as elsewhere, Mrs. Stopes—great authority as she is—is apt to spring disconcerting little theories upon us, which will not bear much analysis. It is a strange criticism of Southampton that he had "a heart of pure gold," and of Shakespeare's notorious sops to the groundlings that (in "Titus Andronicus") he "only once followed the people's tastes." And because Holofernes wrote verses and was a pedant, what possible ground is there for suggesting that Chapman was his original? "Love's Labor Lost" was revived in 1597, and Chapman published no great verse until 1598. It is, besides, a highly controversial matter whether Chapman, "the proud, full sail" of whose verse is presumed to have excited Shakespeare's jealousy, was even "the rival poet of the Sonnets." In her discussion and comparison of the sources of "Hamlet," on the other hand, which is an able piece of summarizing, Mrs. Stopes makes an interesting and quite plausible suggestion that Shakespeare's reason for drowning Ophelia (which is neither in Saxo Grammaticus nor Belleforest's "Les Histoires Tragiques," the chief models of "Hamlet," excluding the lost old play, which unquestionably existed) might have been his knowledge of the case of Katharine Hamlet, who was found drowned in the Thames near Stratford in 1580.

Her chapters on "Macbeth," too, make illuminating reading. She carefully retraces the incidents in Scottish history which bear upon the period, and quotes liberally from the chroniclers. The curious thing is that they are practically unanimous in declaring that Macbeth "began well." The Irish monk, St. Berchan, wrote:—

"The liberal king will possess Fortrenn.  
The strong one was fair, yellow-haired, and tall;  
Very pleasant was the handsome youth to me,  
Brimful of food was Alban [Scotland] east to west  
During the reign of the ruddy and brave king."

The murder of the weak by the strong was in those days as natural as is the domination of the most muscular stag in a herd of deer. In Macbeth's murder of Duncan, the sympathies were with Macbeth, who was a victim of ingratitude

and committed a soundly patriotic *coup d'état*. Shakespeare's source was, of course, Holinshed and, Sir Sidney Lee suggests, possibly earlier chronicles. There are, in fact, two Macbeths—the providentially strong man of the earlier historians and the bloody slaughterer of Banquo, Lady Macduff, and her children, introduced by Hector Boece, who was translated by John Bellenden in 1540, and from whom Holinshed and Harrison took their stories. Mrs. Stopes's conjecture, therefore, that Shakespeare had access to other chroniclers contemporary with Holinshed (including the rhymist Stewart—1535) is quite feasible. From the references to the local climate and scenery, which are accurate and diverge in several particulars from Holinshed's descriptions, she makes the more daring hypothesis not only that Shakespeare visited Scotland, but that "Macbeth" was written on James's commission. Banquo, it may be added, was reputed to be James's ancestor. But if that were the case, substantial external evidence of so definite an occasion would surely have survived. Shakespearean research is so well travelled a road, that the pilgrim of discovery must be wary of exploiting new claims over it. Mrs. Stopes's attempt to dispel the tradition of the "fiend-like Queen" is less happy. Imaginative insight into character is not her strong point, and the following portrait is born of fancy rather than truth:—

"I fancy her . . . as a sunny little woman, bright, dainty, graceful, tender, with a strong and clear intellect which she felt but did not recognize and that never prevented her from winning the affection of those around her . . . the natural courtesy, the splendid intellect, with its incisive simplicity, the passionate self-forgetting heart, devoted to her idolized husband, not only a true woman, but a great one."

And again: "Altogether the last person one would suspect of crime and guile"; and (in reference to the murder of Duncan) "I utterly deny she tempts him to the sin. The thought was his, the temptation his. He had evidently 'broken this enterprise to her' in one of his letters." We had better stick to Hazlitt's conception of her "greater consistency in depravity," "her strong-nerved ambition," her "unshrinking fortitude in crime," and so on. To what lengths does the desperate search for originality in interpreting Shakespeare lead his devotees! There is no shadow of evidence for Mrs. Stopes's suggestion that the line "of this dead butcher and his fiend-like Queen" is an interpolation. What more natural outburst from Malcolm's mouth?

Another example of Mrs. Stopes's tendency towards arbitrary theory is her challenge to the genuineness of Shakespeare's satire upon Sir Thomas Lucy in the person of Justice Shallow. The main grounds of her denial have been also defined by others—that the Charlecote deer-park did not belong to Sir Thomas Lucy when Shakespeare was at Stratford; that he had a warren and not a deer-park; that he would never have "defamed the honor of a noble race" by an "illegal action" for revenge; that there is no trace of the legal case in the records; that Shallow's common oath "By the Mass" would never have been used by Lucy the Puritan, and that the early quarto of 1601-2 contains no references either to "Luces" or coats-of-arms. The answer is that Lucy was a considerable game-preserver; that a warren does not exclude deer; that he had an unenviable name (as in the Somerville-Arden case) for malicious severity on the Bench; that, according to Sir Sidney Lee, the recognized contemporary punishment for deer-stealing was "three months' imprisonment and the payment of thrice the amount of the damage done"; that there is the independent testimony of Archdeacon Richard Davies, a Vicar of Gloucestershire, in the seventeenth century, which has never been discredited; that (in the matter of the Catholic oath) if you mention the South Pole the North Pole is not far from your mind, and that the 1601-2 quarto of "The Merry Wives" was a publisher's venture, undertaken without the author's co-operation and outrageously defective in text. The folio of 1623 (a far superior edition) does contain the "dozen white luces" reference, the pun on louse and Falstaff's abuse of Justice Shallow as the "old pike" ("luce" being a full-grown pike). Sir Sidney Lee, most circumspect of scholars, goes even further, and roundly declares that "Justice Shallow is beyond doubt a reminiscence of the owner of Charlecote."



After a spirited account of Robert Laneham and William Hunnis's records of the Kenilworth activities in 1575, Mrs. Stopes introduces another theory, that the marriage which "Midsummer Night's Dream" celebrated was that of Sir Thomas Heneage, the Queen's Vice-Chamberlain, and the Countess of Southampton, the mother of Shakespeare's Earl. There she leaves it, marshalling no evidence and making no attempt to confute the accepted tradition that the marriage was either between Lucy Harington and the third Earl of Bedford, or Elizabeth, daughter of Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, and William Stanley, sixth Earl of Derby. Then, following an interesting bibliographical description of the lost "Booke of Fortune," comes a sound exposition of Elizabethan stage scenery. The main points of her argument are incorporated with an incredible mass of fascinating detail in Mr. W. J. Lawrence's "The Elizabethan Playhouse," which, being the best, most learned, and complete discussion of the subject in the English language, Mrs. Stopes should at least have mentioned. The title of her next paper is "Shakespeare and War." Here she declares that he must have been at sea, and that he might have joined the English Fleet when it went out to meet the Armada. The second point cannot be argued; there is absolutely no evidence to prove or disprove it. It is only that it *sounds* so improbable. The weapon for her first point is Shakespeare's knowledge of sailors' idiom. On the same analogy, we might argue that the character of Ben Legend, the sailor, with his nautical terms, in Congreve's "Love for Love," endowed the dramatist with a pair of sea-legs. As for her conviction that the "Mr. W. H.," the "onlie begetter" of the Sonnets, was a certain William Harvey, who stormed the gallies of Don Hugo de Moncada and killed the captain at Calais Bar, when the Armada was wrecked, it is, of all the strange theories that have been propounded of his identity, surely the most extraordinary. It is even less plausible and much less entertaining than the theory of a friend of the present writer's, who declares that "Mr. W. H." is "William Himself"! Here, again, Mrs. Stopes does not attempt to controvert Sir Sidney Lee's elaborate, judicious, and highly reasonable theory.

The rest of Mrs. Stopes's book, being only indirectly concerned with Shakespeare, does not concern us. It is devoted to some minor points in Shakespearean biography and to a very creditable attempt to fix Sir Thomas Wyatt's authorship of some poems included in a lost and obscure anthology, "The Newe Court of Venus." On the whole, indeed, it is a book which is good in patches—a confusing medley of copious industry, wide bibliographical knowledge, eager inquiry, great factual accuracy, and of wild hypotheses, untenable theories, and indifferent literary criticism.

#### THE LIFE OF THE RAILWAY FACTORY.

"Life in a Railway Factory." By ALFRED WILLIAMS.  
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MR. WILLIAMS is well known as a writer of power and taste, and in employing his gifts to describe the life of the railway factory, which he knows intimately from the inside, he has done a great public service. His book will take its place among the portraits of our strange industrial civilization; of great interest and value alike as a piece of literature and as a record of experience. Those who have tried to reconstruct the industrial life of other generations from Blue-books and official reports, know what a delight it is to come upon a really illuminating and human picture, showing what men and women were like in their actual work, how these great collections of workpeople regarded their lot, what was the spirit of the place, how it affected and controlled the imagination, and the power of discipline and custom and fatalism over men's habits and impulses. Mr. Williams's book gives such a picture, and he combines, as few men in the past or the present, personal knowledge with literary skill.

The mention of this combination suggests at once a caution. Mr. Williams was a workman for twenty-three years, but, of course, he was not the characteristic workman. He was subjected to perpetual annoyance because, when working at the forge, he used to chalk Greek and Latin words on the back of a sooty furnace by way of getting them into his head. We must beware of

judging the feelings of the average workman by the feelings of a workman who was in truth a man of letters. In any great collection of men or women or children there is a certain number of persons whose tastes differ from the prevailing taste, whose sensibilities are quicker, whose minds run on their own lines, who rebel consciously or unconsciously against the moral atmosphere of acquiescence and imitation. This is the case, for example, with the public school. To some boys the life of the public school is a hell, and when they describe it, they describe a life that seems hateful and poisonous. But the great majority of their contemporaries, whether they are the better or the worse for it, find it a pleasant and stimulating experience. The contemplative and literary nature misses the consolation of mere comradeship, comradeship, that is, which does not imply any deep communion of ideas but offers merely the satisfaction of a kind of routine companionship. Mr. Williams has the sort of nature that would be ill at ease in the constant publicity of life in any kind of institution, a public school, say, or a barracks. The writer of this notice, serving as an officer in a Territorial Battery, was summoned to see one of his drivers who had been very badly kicked in the stables. The wounded driver was lying in great pain on his bed board in a public hall, which accommodated some forty soldiers. To get him a proper bed and move him into a private room until he could be taken to hospital, seemed the most obvious duty, but when all arrangements had been made for this, the driver refused to go, saying that the noise and smoke of the billet was a positive consolation to him in his suffering. To certain natures, the life of the billet, offering no escape into the life of one's own soul, would be a torment under the best conditions, but of the men who live that life the great majority feel as the driver felt, and not as Mr. Williams would feel.

We must then avoid the mistake of supposing that the Swindon workpeople are all as acutely conscious of the discomforts and hardships of their lives as the writer or the reader of this book. The misery of the world is great enough without our exaggerating the spiritual distress of its victims. But to say this is not to disparage in any sense or degree the truth or significance of Mr. Williams's picture. On the contrary, it goes to deepen that significance. For is not this itself an important aspect of our industrial civilization, that the very fact that human companionship is an anodyne, and that it makes men and women acquiesce in conditions because other people are accepting them, has been an element in developing the Industrial Revolution along lines fatal to human freedom and dignity?

Part of the power of the capitalist arises from this characteristic of human nature, and the task of trade unionism might be described not inaptly as the task of turning an instinct which is at first an element of weakness in the position of the proletariat, into an element of strength. Mr. Williams describes a society in which men, no less than masters, start by frowning on the rebel:—

"The workmen do not think for themselves, and if you should be at the pains of pointing out anything for their benefit they will tell you that you are mad or curse you for a Socialist. Anyone at the works who holds a view different from that expressed by the crowd is called a Socialist, rightly or wrongly; it would need an earthquake to rouse many of the men out of their apathy and indifference."

The movement that is vaguely called "labor unrest" is a welcome sign of the growth of a desire for a higher standard of life than the standard that the great body of workpeople instinctively defend against the rebel; but pushing ideas is uphill work in any community, and industrial civilization, if it provides provocations, has understood the secret of making men and women slow and reluctant in accepting them.

All the features of modern industrialism that tend to make it degrading come out very strongly in Mr. Williams's pages. The capital falsehood is the refusal to regard the workman as anything but an instrument of production. That has been the great sinister legacy of the Industrial Revolution, and the lesson of Mr. Williams's book is a concrete example of the lesson of such a book as Mr. Graham Wallas's "The Great Society." We have yet to discover how to make our industrial civilization into a social civilization. Of course, there are differences, and



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great differences, between factories, but the system is so vitally bound up with this wrong conception that the differences are rather differences in degree than differences in kind. Some of the conditions described in Mr. Williams's book seem wantonly brutal. There is no excuse, for example, for a revolting sanitary arrangement in a factory owned by a rich railway company. Or take what all enlightened minds regard as the sheer stupidity of working men to death. While the men are inside the walls of the factory they are under the most severe laws and restrictions, many of which are utterly ridiculous and out of all reason, considering the general circumstances of the toil and the conditions in vogue. They are, indeed, prisoners in every sense of the term. In the midst of the busiest period of hay-making and harvest-cart, ploughing, or threshing, a short stop is always made for refreshment, and the laborer takes a crust of bread and cheese from his pocket and eats it at his work, and is strengthened with it; but in the factory one must not be seen to crack a nut, or eat an apple or biscuit, much less partake of any other food. If he should break the rule and be seen eating, he will be marked for it, and told to "get a pass cut and go home." Four or five hours is a long time to keep up a strenuous pace at the fires. These long, unbroken hours, with no "stand easy," come from the days of the early factories, when cheap labor was easy to get, and the employer never thought twice about wearing out his workmen's bodies. A powerful chapter describes the discomforts of the night-shift, when "the eyes ache, the ears ache, the teeth ache, the temples ache, the shoulders ache, the arms ache, the legs ache, the feet ache, and the heart aches." Of course, at the best there must be a great deal of disagreeable toil in such a factory as Mr. Williams describes, but it is impossible not to feel that what gives it its sense of slavery and infinite weariness is the driving system behind. Supposing these thousands of workmen were engaged in turning out all the products of a railway factory as co-operators, simply concerned to produce and to produce well, the life of this industry would clearly be very different. Dirt and bad air are inevitable in a greater or less degree, but such a society would do its best to counteract them. Men and boys would not be made more susceptible to those unhealthy influences by being overworked and denied proper leisure and decent time for taking their food. When men are confronted with a job there is always a certain excitement and stimulus, but turn their co-operative effort into the service of a profit-making system and the whole atmosphere changes. Instead of working together, all anxious for a common good, like men who are shipwrecked or are working a gun in battle, we find men absorbed in cares and conditions that divide and distract. The foreman has one interest, the charginan has another, the several classes of workmen, again, have different interests, and the result is seen in the atmosphere that Mr. Williams describes as brutalizing and corrupting. There is no inducement to a man to do his best. Mr. Williams maintains, indeed, that a workman with ideas of improvement to suggest is positively punished for his pains, because the foreman or the overseer resent any initiative from below. In any case, it is more important to the foreman to stand well with the manager than to do good work; and the same is true of the relations of the workman and the foreman. What is wanted is to change the whole spirit of industrial enterprise, to make it the conscious expression of the will and energy of the men engaged in it, to eliminate all the misleading principles based on the idea of one generation, to make it a true species of co-operative effort. This is a gigantic task, implying revolution in the status of the workmen, but until it is accomplished it is idle to talk of democracy as part of our daily life.

#### A CATHOLIC EVANGELICAL.

"Father Stanton's Last Sermons in St. Alban's, Holborn."  
Edited, with a Preface, by E. F. RUSSELL, M.A., St. Alban's,  
Holborn. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5s. net.)

A CATHOLIC Evangelical—I might have written "An Evangelical Catholic"; but the balance of the words would have conveyed a different sense. Stanton was primarily and essentially an Evangelical. Evangelicalism was not merely

his creed; it was his life—himself. His Catholicism was superadded, and imparted to his teaching a grace, a poetry, a picturesqueness which Evangelical piety has often lacked, to its own great loss and damage. But the vital essence of his theology was the old-fashioned Gospel. This the ecclesiastical Polyphemes, who have only one eye, failed to perceive. They erred in two directions. Sometimes they imagined, because Stanton was a Radical in politics, always on the side of the under-dog, and broadly humanitarian in his sympathies, that he must have some affinity with what is called "Liberalism" in theology. Nobody can read these sermons and still cherish that strange delusion. The faith by which Stanton lived was the faith of the true and proper Deity of the Lord Jesus; of His miraculous Incarnation, His sacrificial Death, and His actual resurrection.

On the other hand, people sometimes dreamed that, because he avowed his love for some Roman methods of ritual and devotion, and often allowed himself to speak slightly of the English Rite, he must be at heart a Romanist. Here again was a delusion not less profound than the other. On the capital point which separates English from Roman Catholicism, he was even fiercely Protestant. He believed that the seat of authority is neither at Rome nor at Lambeth, but in that inmost sanctuary of the conscience, where alone God's voice is heard. "If," he used to say, "the Pope's infallibility did not save the Church from the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and the Inquisition, it seems to me that we can get on quite as well without it"; and the present attitude of the Holy See towards the war would have supplied him with a fresh illustration.

In so far as Stanton was a Catholic, he was a Catholic on the extremely Protestant principle of private judgment—because he discovered the Catholic religion in the Bible, in history, and in his own mind. He gloried in the open Bible and the Protestant Sunday. He regarded submission to Rome as a pitiable surrender of religious liberty; but he held himself perfectly free, while ministering in the Church of England, to adopt any practices or phrases of Romanism which, in his judgment, conduced to edification. It is not for me to say whether in this respect he acted wisely or unwisely; but the fact must be borne in mind, if his ministry, and especially his sermons, are to be understood. Of the influence which he exercised, conspicuously over men, through the confessional, this is not the place to speak. The same influence spread over an even wider area when it issued from the pulpit. He was, in my opinion, the greatest of extempore preachers; and the sermons collected in this volume are well-chosen specimens of the spirit and method which for fifty years gave him an ever-increasing ascendancy over the hearts of his hearers.

Gladstone used to say that it was impossible to report a speech. So much, he said, of the effect depends upon voice, articulation, gesture, attitude, and appearance, that no written report can convey it. Of Gladstone's own speaking this was pre-eminently true, for his interminable prolixity and his parenthetical involutions would have been intolerable if they had not been recommended by the magic of his eye, by his utterance, and by his histrionic instinct. It is much less true of Bright's terser and chaster style; and the book before us shows that it is not true of religious oratory. Here I must compliment Sir William Robertson Nicoll on his singular penetration. In common with most of those who are familiar with Stanton's preaching, I should have considered it impossible to reproduce. He had all the gifts of the orator—a ringing voice, an absolute command of the words he wanted, the power of being deliberate or fluent as the moment required, an expert familiarity with various moods, pathos, indignation, sympathy, sarcasm, and humor; ease and dignity of bearing, which the frontispiece of the book most happily reproduces. But, if the face, the intonations, the alternate cloud and sunshine of the expression, the grace and variety of the gestures, were withdrawn, would the spoken word retain its power? Sir William Nicoll said Yes, and the result has abundantly justified his decision.

Though Stanton had the natural faculty of eloquence which I have just described, he was, to an extent which his hearers seldom realized, conscientiously careful in his preparation for preaching. He arranged the plan of each sermon with scrupulous exactness, studiously embodying in it the thoughts and phrases and quotations which best illustrated his theme. Bishop Creighton bade his clergy

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MRS. O'H. lives in a little house between Knightsbridge and Kensington. Her friends are people with a grievance against authority—"a salon of failures." But to Mrs. O'H. these unsuccessful poets, painters, playwrights, authors, and journalists represent "the great world," and she is often elated at the thought of how this great world loves to assemble in her little drawing-room.

HER HUSBAND is described as "a married man with a single eyeglass." She feels herself to be in advance of civilisation. She holds revolutionary ideas about everything.

SHE is extremely kind-hearted. People love to tell her their troubles. She is a favourite with the flower-women in Kensington High Street. No one is more engaging with shop assistants. And there is an old crossing-sweeper at the corner of her little street who adores her.

ONE DAY there comes to her house Signor Marco Casale, a singer and an incorrigible amorist. Mrs. O'H. is disturbed by the thought that she is attractive to this wonderful man of the world. Hitherto she has lived without "passion." She is forty years of age.

HE LEADS her into more fashionable circles. She becomes acquainted with the world of restaurants. Her life becomes more exciting, more artificial, more feverish with unrest. Bow how brilliant it all is, and how wonderful—wonderful! "Wonderful" is her favourite word.

CASALE loves the long pursuit of a woman, and Mrs. O'H. is able to keep his love for her in the wistful region of romance. It is a Kensington passion, and she feels how good she is.

SHE becomes acquainted with the Countess of Dunglow, whose eldest son takes a fancy to this pretty little woman, and without wasting time makes frank and brutal love to her. Mrs. O'H. is swept off her feet by the boy's offensive, but becomes so serious and earnest (for is she not committing a sin?) that she immediately loves him. He thinks to himself, even as he is kissing her: "What a pity it is these middle-class women make a religion of intensity." He treats her very badly. Mrs. O'H. is heart-broken and repentant. How she has sinned!

SHE returns to Casale—"Casale understands women." One night Casale takes her, after a rather lively evening, to a fashionable Night Club. There is a scene of some difficulty, for she drinks more wine than usual and the place is very hot. In the midst of this scene, her son enters the Night Club. This unexpected meeting between mother and son is the climax to her life of danger.

THIS SON is an idealist. His sympathetic nature is derived from his mother, but it is rational, not only emotional. He believes in not judging people, says that "every sin is the fault of somebody else," and would change the world by living exactly as "we are told to live."

AS they drive home in a taxi-cab, the repentant mother, weeping in the arms of her idealist son, is won over emotionally to his view of life; she would give up London and return to Ireland, there to live with Nature.

BUT the War comes and everything is altered. How Mrs. O'H. takes part in the various London charities, one by one, how she tried to persuade her idealistic son to join the Army, how she had a final meeting with Casale, and how she ended up with Kensington in her soul is the rest of the story.

AND in the rest of the story is the romance of her son Denis—with a question which must set us all thinking.

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preach on subjects rather than on texts. Stanton preached on texts, but did not use them simply as mottoes. There was no divorce between the text and the subject. The text was generally short, sometimes only one word; and the opening sentences were also short, arresting the attention and making the hearer feel an interest in what might be coming. Then, when the preacher had got into personal touch with his audience, he dealt quite simply with his text—its literal meaning; the occasion on which it was uttered; or the author who wrote it, and the circumstances under which it was written. Thus the ground of literal fact was made clear for what was coming. If the text was one of those to which the spiritual sense of the Church had attached a doctrinal significance, that significance was set forth with theological exactitude, and then the preacher went on to practical application. Without the least force or violence or misplaced ingenuity, he elicited "lessons of life and godliness" from words so familiar as to be almost hackneyed, but quickened into fresh meaning by this great master of spiritual experience.

I said just now that, in planning a sermon, Stanton chose what he thought appropriate citations; but the field from which they were gathered was not wide. He knew the Bible as few men knew it, and quoted it most effectively; but, as far as I know, he quoted always from the Authorized Version. Though he had a deep and reflective mind, he never was a student. He had a lively apprehension, a retentive memory, and a keen sense of verbal beauty. So it came about that his quotations always told; but they were nearly always verse. He loved poetry, knew a great deal of it (not accurately) by heart, and declaimed it with picturesque effect. As long as it was harmonious to the ear, and devotional in feeling, he cared little for its literary merits; and in this book the reader will find, besides a great number of fragments to which no name is attached, citations from authors so diverse as Shakespeare and Milton, Wesley and Faber, Tennyson and Bonar, Rossetti and Longfellow, Mrs. Browning, Kate Hankey, and Oscar Wilde.

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

#### SIR GEORGE WHITE.

"The Life of Field-Marshal Sir George White." By Sir MORTIMER DURAND. (Blackwood. 2 vols. 30s. net.)

WHETHER the late Sir George White was quite worth a biography in two huge volumes, is perhaps an arguable matter. At any rate, fate has been kind to him in giving him so distinguished and competent a biographer as Sir Mortimer Durand, who has done what is evidently a work of piety, with great skill. Naturally, the story of the defence of Ladysmith and the Natal campaign takes up a large proportion (between a third and a quarter) of the whole work; and it is something to have the story of the defence retold from the private letters of the defender, written at the time. We are made to realize the immense difficulties that Sir George White had to face when he undertook the command in Natal at the outbreak of the war, and how certain episodes might have been avoided if he had not allowed his better judgment to be overridden by the politicians. No attempt is made to revive the bitter and unfair controversies of the past. If the summing up is, of course, in favor of Sir George White, there is nothing acrimonious or ungenerous about General Buller. At this distance of time we can see that if the conduct of operations either on the Colenso, or in Ladysmith itself, was not particularly brilliant, at all events these operations, such as they were, saved all South Africa from being overrun by the then numerically superior and better-equipped Boer forces. Sir Mortimer Durand makes this the main thesis of his biography. He says:—

"The fall of Kimberley or of Mafeking would not have seriously affected the course of the war. The capture or entire defeat of White's force would have meant, without a doubt, the conquest of Natal down to the sea. The guns of the British ships might possibly have saved the port of Durban, but the Boers would have been all around it. And in all probability they would, not many weeks afterwards, have been all around Capetown. The task of the British, even if no foreign Powers had intervened—and the attitude of foreign Powers was not friendly—would then have been to reconquer South Africa from the seaboard. Against an

enemy as brave and tenacious in defence as the Boers, flushed with victory and backed by great numbers of the Dutch colonists, that would have been a formidable task."

Blunders were committed not on one side only, and, indeed, in the balance the Boers committed the worse mistakes. "Ladysmith saved Natal from conquest" is a verdict that will stand good in history. It enabled British sea-power to come into operation, and the Boers were held up until sufficient forces arrived from England to crush them. White was not a soldier of genius, maybe; but he did possess sure and sound judgment.

A curious sidelight on the early stages of the war is that the Boers were markedly superior in artillery. "Their guns," White declared to Buller, "are better than our field guns." They were stronger in heavy artillery, and our own guns were constantly outranged in action. Here we have, as it were, a rehearsal on a small scale of the "munitions crisis" of 1914-15. Our pessimists of to-day might do well to recall the grotesque pessimism of that memorable "black week" of December, 1899. Describing the situation in those dismal early days of the war, a strategist of authority, Admiral Mahan, wrote:—

"Up to the present, success had seemed to lie with the Boers, but the appearance was only superficial. Their plan had been well designed, but in execution it had failed."

Here, too, history seems to be repeating itself on the grander scale. Once more we have the "superficial appearance" of the enemy's success and his real failure, the same pessimism and, if we are to accept the word of competent authority, the same absence of justification for it.

Otherwise, what a contrast there is between that war and this? Certainly the Boers fought like gentlemen. Outside the zone of fire at Ladysmith they allowed a refuge camp to be set up for the civil population and the military hospitals. Fighting ceased every Sunday and on all special occasions. Cricket matches were held by the garrison on the fields outside the town, with Boer gunners on the hills above, intensely interested in the game. In a letter home Sir George White wrote:—

"The Boers generally give us a quiet day on Sunday. They are very religious people, and we see them moving from point to point to collect for public worship on Sundays. However, they keep a very close look-out on us and open fire with their guns if they see anything like new works being made or movements of troops. Some of our young officers took advantage of the quiet and safety of Sunday afternoon to play polo. The Boers entered a protest against this desecration of the Sabbath by opening fire on them."

White was of Irish Protestant stock, and to the end retained the bitter hereditary prejudice. In his view, no worse disaster could have befallen the Empire than for his fellow-countrymen to obtain Home Rule. It is curious how this Irish "garrison" class has filled the high command of the British Army for half a century and more. Clannishness may have had something to do with this; White's letters, for example, show how steadily his fellow-Irishman, Lord Roberts, worked for him in India and South Africa, and at home. But this factor can be exaggerated. After all, as Dr. Johnson said, the Irish in that respect are "a fair people," and the military tradition is very strong among them. White was a fine specimen of the type, which is a quite distinct one; curiously unsophisticated, clean-living, breezy rather than rollicking—that is to say, with high spirits of the Charlie Beresford kind rather than the Harry Lorrequer, which has never had much reality—excessively fond of horses and bodily exercise generally; and, in the practice of war, resourceful, adventurous, and roughly efficient, though not "scientific," as we now understand that term. As a young soldier, and even well into the 'twenties, White, for example, wrote with difficulty, and was worse than a first-form schoolboy in spelling; in later life he had forged a strong and flexible literary style. Lord Roberts, we learn on Sir Mortimer Durand's authority, started with a similar illiteracy:—

"It was my good fortune to see the process going on in both cases, and I was struck by the way in which the two men, neither of whom had, I think, any natural literary aptitude, learnt by thinking things out, and doing them, to put their thoughts on paper with a clearness and force which were really admirable."

In this war this Irish type has steadily fallen into the background; a Scottish type seems to be taking its place. It is

## THE COST OF MEDICINES.

THE increased cost of drugs has been generally appreciated by the nation, and accepted in a somewhat different spirit to that in which the rise in the cost of foodstuffs and other necessities of life has been received; a spirit not unmixed with the feeling that though prices have risen 40 per cent. in England, the increase in Germany has been nearly 90 per cent.

When in pain, however, one does not cavil at or compare the price of the analgesic; the dose is small, the price is paid, and the relieved sufferer thinks no more on it.

The situation, however, merits some consideration, especially from those who have, or who have not acquired, the habit (and merit) of giving a thought, and more, to others less fortunately situated.

When the price of butter rose from 1s. to 1s. 8d. per lb. those who could not afford butter (and many who could, but who patriotically economised) bought margarine. The general public are now urged by precept, example, and taxation to reduce their use of imported articles. Apart from food, economies have been made by giving up pet luxuries. Good Citizens and Citoyennes are now asked to avoid ordering new clothes, or to order less luxurious types, but no suggestion has been made that pain, and the cause of pain—disease—should be patiently borne and no alleviation sought, however great the price. And the price is now assuredly great.

For instance, the cost of

Bromides has risen from	1/6½ to 25/-	per lb.
Aspirin from	1/10½ to 40/-	"
Phenacetin from	2/7½ to 60/-	"
Phenazone from	6/5 to 45/-	"

These enormous increases must inflict the greatest hardship upon the suffering poor (and there are none who suffer like the nervous wrecks of this nerve-racking age) as a consequence of their inability to pay for medicines. Many of these are mothers (with large families), highly and finely strung, possessed of great pluck and perseverance, and who force themselves to keep pace with the demands made upon them in a large household with the added worries of a smaller income and higher prices. Every day numbers of new applicants present themselves at the Hospital for Nervous Diseases, Maida Vale, but to provide medicines for the patients already on the registers of the Hospital will, it is estimated, be an additional expense this year of about £1,000, if patients are still to be given medicine to alleviate pain, or to control terrifying epileptic attacks.

The Hospital has 35 beds for nervous wrecks from the trenches, and it is under guarantee to the Admiralty to receive 25 sailors at twenty-four hours' notice. These latter beds and a further 25 are constantly occupied by nerve-shattered civilians received from all parts of Great Britain, and, indeed, the British Empire, and daily a hundred sufferers attend to consult the Visiting Physicians.

The patients are sufferers from all kinds of nervous disease (of which there are over one hundred varieties, many of a most distressing and incapacitating type), the great majority of sufferers being inadmissible to General Hospitals. They are received from all parts of England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland, from Canada, South Africa, India, Australia, and New Zealand. The Hospital affords free treatment to the necessitous poor, but encourages all, who are able, to pay what they can afford, and thus promotes providence and minimises abuse.

The cost of this national work is about £8,000 per annum, which has to be asked for from the charitable each year, as the Institution has practically no endowment, and contributions would be gratefully received by the Secretary, Mr. H. W. Burleigh, at the Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis, Maida Vale, London, W.

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The end of our Financial year is in sight, and although our friends throughout the country have responded to our appeals very nobly, our costs of maintenance have gone up by leaps and bounds.

We are exceedingly anxious that our books should close with the balance on the right side, and the next few weeks will determine the issue.

We have 2,400 children to clothe, educate, and maintain, but we depend upon the Father of the fatherless, and also upon His stewards, to help us to carry the work through. We believe it is not too much to ask, or expect, that our friends will send us special gifts to enable us to close the year free of debt. Remittances and also gifts of clothing should be addressed to

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much more suited to open expeditionary warfare on the remote frontiers of the Empire than to the static and highly-organized "positions-warfare" as the Germans call it, of the Continent of Europe. As long as the British Empire endures, however, we shall need soldiers of this special kind for this special sort of work, and the type is bound to come forward again.

#### AN AMERICAN NOVEL.

"Mrs. Balfame." By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. (Murray. 6s.)

MRS. ATHERTON is one of the American novelists one is bound to treat with respect. She has been writing for twenty-five years, but her latter work shows no falling off in creative insight and force. Indeed, though she is as fond as ever of romantic situations and sensational developments, her analysis strikes down through the skin of social conventions to show us the implacable appetites and primitive moving forces in human nature. "Mrs. Balfame," the story of an American woman, the acknowledged leader of Elsinore society, who has been planning to murder her repulsive husband five minutes before he is actually shot dead at his door, gives the authoress a splendid opportunity for a merciless dissection of the crude barbarity of the normal citizen in a provincial American city. The study of this cold, dignified, hard-headed woman, whose frigid beauty and serene manner seem to the Elsinore ladies to represent the highest ideal of womanhood, is an exposure of American feminism as represented by the commonplace woman everlastingly anxious to do the "right thing." But the very qualities that make Mrs. Balfame seem "perfectly lovely" to her own sex antagonize the men. The secret war between the sexes is emphasized when, after Dave Balfame's murder, we see the male citizens of Elsinore reacting against this "ice-box" of a widow, with her immaculate past and irreproachable bearing, in vague sympathy with "poor old Dave," who had, they own, "a bit of a yellow streak in him." The mystery of the murder is so skilfully handled that the majority of Mrs. Atherton's readers will, perhaps, miss the sting of the satire in her social picture. We have evidence in plenty about the sensation-mongering of the American press, but the absolute licence given to the reporters to work up clues, to induce anybody on whom suspicion may fall to incriminate himself, is more than surprising.

Luckily, both for the English reader and for the authoress's reputation, Mrs. Atherton relieves her realistic delineation of the American public's morbid appetite by a brilliant portraiture of two or three characters of finer grain. Rush, the criminal lawyer, who, passionately in love with his beautiful client, is disillusioned at length by her shallow egoism, is a really subtle study of masculine character, and in Miss Alys Crumley, who is in love with him, a romantic, idealistic, and progressively modern young woman, Mrs. Atherton has done justice to the complexity of the American girl's temperament. In fact, the psychological analysis of the emotional relations between the brilliant lawyer and the girl and the woman is extremely acute, and it is this emotional element that lifts the narrative of the crime out of the unclean atmosphere of the public's gloatings over a murder mystery. The author cleverly finishes off her picture of American feminism by the final revelation that it is Mrs. Balfame's devoted woman friend, Dr. Anna Stener, who has shot down the erring husband, because "he deserved death, and only death could free his wife, one of the loveliest and most perfect beings on this earth." This ante-mortem statement of the lady doctor, dictated when she is dying of typhoid in hospital, would not,

one fears, seem so satisfactory to a British jury as it does to the Elsinore jurymen; but it will do more than anything else to reconcile American matrons to the story of the "taking off" of one of "the most worthless and abominable of his sex."

#### The Week in the City.

THE statement of the French Finance Minister, M. Ribot, that the failure of the Germans to break through at Verdun has brought peace within sight, seems to have put heart into the Stock Exchange, and in spite of the approach of another War Budget, there has been quite a rally in some classes of securities. The revenue returns are very good. As the "Westminster Gazette" puts it:—"With almost a fortnight of the financial year still to go the revenue has passed the estimate for the whole year by fourteen millions sterling. In the week ending March 18th the yield from the taxes was very nearly nineteen millions. If this rate of income be maintained the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have a surplus of something like fifty millions over his estimated revenue." This would mean a revenue of about 370 millions, as against a pre-war revenue of 200 millions—a pretty good testimony to our free trade system, especially when we remember that the Protectionist tariff system of Germany, Austria, Russia, and France are all showing heavy deficits as compared with peace times. At the same time, we are faced with a staggering expenditure on war and with a new war debt, which on March 31st will be approaching £1,400,000,000 sterling, or double the old debt as it stood before the war broke out.

#### SOME RECENT RUBBER DIVIDENDS.

Once again the Rubber Share Market has been the best department of the Stock Exchange, movements in the price of the raw material having lost their influence, and, in spite of the advance in quotations which has taken place, there has, on the whole, been very little profit-taking. This is not surprising, in view of the latest batch of dividends, which I give below:—

Company.	This year. Interim (actual). Per cent.	A year ago. Interim (actual). Per cent.	For whole previous year. Per cent.
Anglo-Java ... ..	5	nil	nil
Batak Rabbit ... ..	5	5	10
Federated Selangor ... ..	30	10	50
Lendu ... ..	6½	nil	nil
Permas ... ..	5	nil	5
Rembia (Ord.) ... ..	7½	nil	11
Sungei Buaya ... ..	10	5	15
Taiping ... ..	5	3	12½
Tandjong ... ..	15	nil	20
Tremelbye ... ..	20	15	45

Anglo-Java has made its maiden interim payment, and looks like paying another 10 per cent. before its year closes. The Federated Selangor dividend is the third interim distribution, and makes 50 per cent. to date, against 22½ per cent. at the same time a year ago. Besides these interim dividends, announcements have been made of one or two good final distributions. A final dividend of 40 per cent. brings the total Harpenden payment up to 100 per cent., as against 80 per cent. a year ago. The General Ceylon Rubber and Tea Company is paying 15 per cent., making 30 per cent. for the year, as against 20 per cent. for 1914. The final payment of 7 per cent. by Cheviot Rubber makes 11 per cent., against 7½ per cent. for the year.

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MRS. NEWSON.  
MRS. WISE.  
MAJOR WOODS (R.M.F.)

The Committee will be grateful for subscriptions or gifts in kind. A report of the work done from October, 1914, to December 31st, 1915, may now be had on application to the Honorary Secretary, The White House, S. Farnboro', Hants.

A Matinee in aid of the above Fund is being arranged and will be held in London on the 30th March under the patronage of the Countess Roberts, the Countess of Glasgow, Viscount and Viscountess Valentia, Countess Kilmorey, Lady Mary Hope, etc. Further particulars will be published shortly. Please address all communications to the Honorary Secretary.

Contributions will be gratefully received by Mrs. GOWER, Hon. Sec., The Royal Munster Fusiliers' Prisoners of War Fund, The White House, S. Farnboro', Hants.

## The BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR FOOD AND CLOTHING FUND

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Those interested are invited to call at the Office, 22, TREVOR SQUARE, S.W. (*where all inquiries should be addressed*), and see the work in progress.

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**LAMPOR & HOLT LIMITED.**

THE annual general meeting of the shareholders of this Company was held on the 17th inst., at the London office, 36, Lime Street, E.C., Sir Owen Philipps, K.C.M.G., M.P. (the Chairman), presiding.

In moving the adoption of the report and accounts, the Chairman said that the result of the seventy-first year's trading had been satisfactory, although there were very many difficulties in carrying on a regular line during a great war which were not appreciated by the general public. Since the business was incorporated as a limited company four years ago, a dividend of 8 per cent. had been paid each year. For the year 1915 the board were pleased to be able to recommend that the dividend be increased to 10 per cent., and they had also been able again to increase the reserve fund, which now amounted to £400,000. It had been the first aim of the directors to build up the business gradually on a sound basis, and they were therefore in a position to look forward to the future with confidence.

The company was fortunate in not incurring any losses through war risks during 1915, but he regretted to report the s.s. "Horace" was last month captured and sunk by the "Moewe," the crew being landed at Teneriffe. The s.s. "Tennyson" was damaged by a serious explosion which occurred at sea on February 18th last, resulting, unfortunately, in some loss of life, but the vessel reached port safely. The origin of this outrage, which he believed was caused by a bomb being placed on board, had been definitely traced by the police authorities in Brazil to German sources.

A considerable proportion of their fleet had been requisitioned by the Government, and was doing excellent work transporting troops and stores. The s.s. "Canning" was requisitioned by the Admiralty, and had since been purchased by them. Notwithstanding these reductions in their fleet owing to the war, it was gratifying to the board, both on national and Imperial grounds, that the company had actually considerably increased its fleet since the commencement of hostilities eighteen months ago by the completion and delivery of three new meat steamers.

The board desired to place on record its appreciation of the services of the managing directors, Mr. George Melly and Mr. Arthur Cook, and also of the loyal way in which the company's staff, both ashore and afloat, had carried out its arduous duties during the past year. Under the present abnormal conditions praise was particularly due to their captains, officers, engineers, and crews for the devoted manner in which they had faced the special dangers that now beset all who went to sea.

Lord Pirrie seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

This Week's

**SATURDAY WESTMINSTER**

contains a War Sketch—

**"The R.T.O."**

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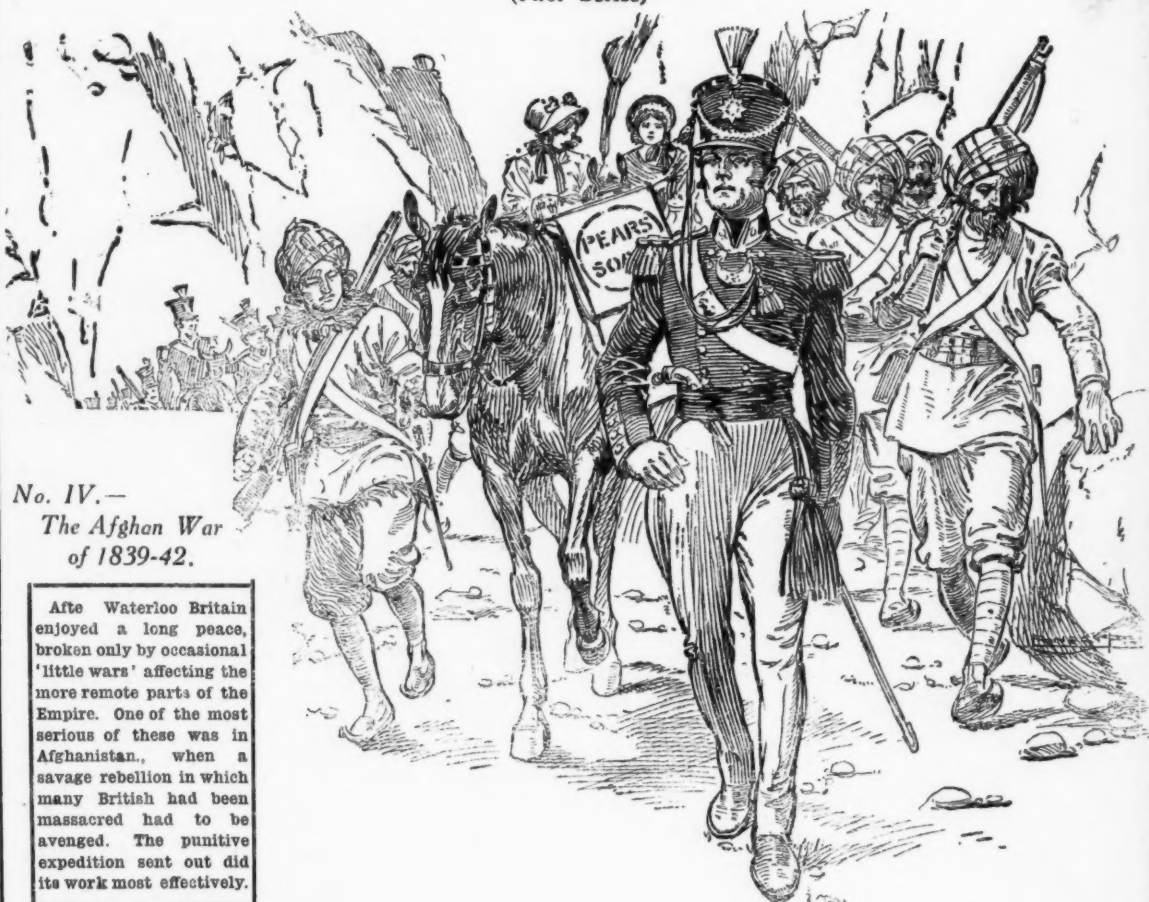
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